Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

The Salmon Breeding Works at Bucksport.

We have at different times alluded to the enterprise for the collection of salmon eggs, being carried on at Bucksport under the patronage of the several New England States and the United States Governments, such articles having been founded upon the statements contained in the reports of our Fish Commissioners, and the articles of our own correspondents. But wishing to make a personal inspection of the establishment and its doings, we visited Bucksport for this purpose, the latter part of March last, and at this late period proceed to give a few notes that may not be wholly without interest to most of our readers.

The Penobscot river is now the most productive salmon river on the Atlantic coast; and for this reason, it was selected as the field of operations in the collection of salmon spawn, by those having the direction of this matter. The annual yield of this river in salmon, is said to be from five to ten thousand. This estimate it is true gives a wide margin, and we think it must be somewhat below the real yield. In Mr. Atkins' office at the Bucksport Salmon Works, he has a large map of the Penobscot river below Bangor, its mouth, and adjacent islands, and on this map is indicated every salmon weir known to be in operation during the season. This number is 227, of which 113 were built in 1873. There are also 60 pound nets or traps, and a considerable number of drift nets. Mr. Atkins obtained statistics of the catch of salmon at these several weirs and last year the total catch was 13,690—the average weight of which was 13¼ lbs. Estimating those taken at other points and by other means, including the number taken above Bangor, and the same gentleman sets the yield of the Penobscot in 1873 at 15,000. From this record of the salmon crop on the Penobscot it is very easy to understand why it was decided to erect the breeding works upon its banks. After much prospecting a location was chosen at a pond of some sixty acres in extent situated about one mile distant from Bucksport village. Here the necessary houses and other accommodations were provided and operations were commenced in the spring of 1872, of which an account was published in the FARMER of Dec. 7th, of that year.

The salmon for the uses of the breeding works, begin to be taken from the weirs at the Bucksport narrows, about the first of June, and the operations of taking them are kept up so long as they continue to ascend the river. They are towed from the weirs to the shore in covered boats through which the river water constantly passes by means of openings fore and aft, and thence in large tanks on drays to the pond where they are deposited. Last year about six hundred salmon were thus taken, two thirds being females. The pond into which they are placed varies in depth, according to the season, from ten to fifteen feet; the bottom of the pond being a black, soft mud. The salmon taken are confined in a cove of about ten acres in extent, situated very near the outlet of the pond; and when the inclination to deposit its spawn becomes strong in the fish, they naturally seek running water and a gravelly bottom. So, approaching the outlet of the pond they pass down a narrow sluiceway some two hundred feet to enclosed pens or pounds, where they remain until taken, for the purpose of their spawn being secured. This process continues during the months of October and November. The method of taking and fertilising having been often described in our journal, we will simply say, that some days during the busiest season for this operation as many as 600,000 eggs have been taken in a single day. A female salmon of the smallest size weighs at this season eight pounds and yields about 6000 eggs; and the total number of spawn taken last year was 1,581,500. It will be remembered that the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries—of which Prof. S. F. Baird is the distinguished director—has an interest in the Bucksport establishment, receiving a certain proportion of the spawn and disposing of them as it deems best. Last year, of that portion belonging to the United States, Colorado received 1500; Wisconsin 20,000; Pennsylvania 150,000, and New Jersey 200,000. For purposes of transportation, the eggs are packed in small trays—three layers in each, in damp moss, and these are put in larger boxes, four of which are placed together in one case. In this way from 2000 to 6000 eggs are placed in a single case, which have been forwarded safely per express, arriving in good condition, at points two weeks distant. Of the remaining number of spawn, taken last year, Maine reserved 250,000; Connecticut receiving 175,000; Michigan 150,000; Rhode Island 75,000; Vermont 125,000; New Hampshire 50,000 and Massachusetts 106,000.

The hatching-house, situated just below the spawning shed, is 28 by 70 feet, the lower floor of which is devoted to the hatching troughs, and the upper floor used for a workshop and storage purposes, and connected with this is a wing 12 by 24 feet, plainly finished inside, which serves as as an office, and is in fact, the real headquarters of the establishment where all the correspondence and business is carried on. The trays in the hatching house are forty in number each one foot wide, into which the troughs containing the eggs (about ¼ inch in diameter, each) are placed, each tray holding 4000 eggs, the water in the troughs being from 34 to 35½° F, during the entire time the eggs are hatching—which extends to April and even May.

It is a popular theory—or, we may say, it is a fact, if one or two well recorded instances prove a fact—that salmon return year after year to their early spawning ground; inhabiting during the meantime the fresh and salt water immediately surrounding the mouth of the river which they ascend. But to aid in establishing this generally received opinion, each first taken at Bucksport for spawning purposes is, before it is set at liberty in the main river, tagged in the main dorsal fin with a small silver tag, on which is a number, and this number is recorded in a book kept for the purpose, together with a record of its sex, length and weight, the date when turned into the river and other facts. A reward is offered to all Penobscot river fishermen, for the delivery of any of these tagged fish to the works at Bucksport; and it is hoped that important and interesting facts in the science of fish culture will result from this plan. There has been for years an increasing interest in this country in the subject of fish culture. The almost complete exhaustion of fish in our rivers, and the success of modes for the artificial restocking of rivers in other countries have led to extensive efforts in different parts of our own country; and to these enterprises, in many instances, the support and patronage of the state and national governments has been extend. While the enterprise must yet be looked upon somewhat in the light of an experiment—it is to be hoped, with the co-operation of the people in the execution and enforcement of wise and judicious laws for the protection of fish, the opening of fish ways over our now impassable dams, and the very low expense for which large, almost immense, numbers of young fry can be turned into our waters—Mr. Atkins thinks for five dollars per thousand—that our fishless rivers may be restocked with young salmon in such quantity as will, in a few years, materially affect the number of edible fish in our principal rivers.

The establishment at Bucksport is under the direction of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, formerly our State Commissioner of Fisheries, who by taste and study is most admirably qualified for the position. Accurate, learned and enthusiastic, persistent in whatever he undertakes, and above all a thorough gentleman; the work under his hands has been conducted with great success and his management has met the entire approval of the several authorities controling it. His assistant Mr. J. L. Beal, renders valuable assistance in the various operations.

In the June number of *Harper's Magazine* is an article on "Collecting Salmon Spawn in Maine," probably from the pen of Mr. Atkins, which contains much interesting information. It is illustrated by nine engravings, generally good, though all are not equally correct, and to this paper we are indebted for one or two statements, in the above article—but it is with this exception, founded upon our own notes taken on the spot.

Studies on Milk.

Few students of agriculture in our country have devoted so much time to the study of milk practically and scientifically, as has Dr. Sturtevant of Massachusetts. It is true Mr. Willard, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Arnold of New York, have each attained much distinction, and deservedly so, as authorities upon dairy matters; but their line of enquiry has been general and practical, rather than specific and minute. The investigations of Dr. Sturtevant have not extended over so many years as have those of other students—but they have been accurate and painstaking, and during the time they have been prosecuted, many trials have been made and much patient study given to the subject. A lecture delivered by this gentleman on the typical relations of milk, before the Vermont Dairymen's Association, in January last, has recently been published, which gives the results of an examination and recognition of nearly one thousand milk globules, and the conclusion that have been founded upon the same. These are that the butter globules of the milk show a certain and definite relation between the quality of the milk and the breed; that the breed determines to a large extent the composition of the butter, and that the breed also determines to a large extent the most economical and advantageous manufacture of cheese. In the accompanying figures we have an exact microscopic representation of the milk globules of the Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein cows. Figure 1, shows the globule of the Jersey breed, which is larger than the corresponding globule of the other breeds mentioned, and there are fewer globules under the size of 1-27000 of an inch. the latter being denominated globules. The milk globule of the Ayrshire as shown in Figure 2, is smaller than that of the Jersey, and intermediate in size between those of the Jersey and Holstein, and the milk from individual cows of the Ayrshire breed can be grouped into two classes or grades, according to the size and distribution of the globules. This milk abounds in granules. In Figure 3, we have the milk globule of the Holstein which is the smallest of the three. The globules are more uniform in their size than in the Ayrshire milk, and there are fewer granules. "These globules," says Dr. Sturtevant, "determine some of the physical characteristics of the milk. If samples of the Jersey, Ayrshire and Dutch milk are placed in a percentage glass under like conditions, it will be noticed that the cream will rise in each sample with a different rapidity; the larger globules, on account of their less specific gravity, reaching the surface first. As a matter of experiment some Jersey milk threw up its cream in four hours, leaving a blue skim-milk; some Ayrshire samples in about ten hours, leaving a white skim-milk scarcely recognizable as such; some Dutch milk in about five hours, leaving a blue skim-milk. The larger milk globules and few granules are in part the explanation of the first; the evenness of size of milk globule and few granules the interpretation of the reaction of the third, and the numerous granules and unevenness of size of globule offer a solution for the appearance and action of the second sample." He concludes from investigations thus far made that the Ayrshire cow will average well for butter or cheese, or both; that the Jersey cow is fitted by the quality of her milk for the village resident, the suburban locality which has special facilities for the disposal of butter, and for the amateur farmer, and that the Holstein cow possesses a milk neither pre-eminent for butter or cheese, yet possessing qualities which will allow of the manufacture of either, but not to the best advantage.

Thorough-breds at State College Farm.

In accordance with a recommendation from the Legislative committee, the Trustees of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Orono, through its Farm Superintendent, J. R. Farrington, Esq., have recently purchased of Dr. N. R Boutelle, Waterville, the thoroughbred Jersey cow Hebe, imported by S. Stevens of Montreal, 8 years old, and also Pride of Lachine, breed by Mr. Stevens, 4 years old—of George Hamilton, Dexter, the Short-horn cow Cornelia, 8 years old breed by H. G. White of South Framingham Mass., and Duchess of Lakeside, 2 years old, and of Sturtevant Brothers, South Framingham, Mass., the thoroughbred Ayrshire bull Mains, 4 years old, and cows Isabel and Olee, 4 and 3 years old, respectively. The cows are all with calf which gives the promise of a respectable herd of thoroughbreds for the college farm, in the immediate future. The animals are all now at the farm in good condition, and Mr. Farrington in a private note under date of 21st May, says, "I am quite satisfied with the results of our expenditures." Thus the farm in its appointments is beginning to assume high rank, and will soon be worthy to be called in reality, the model educational farm of Maine.

County Exhibitions.

We acknowledge the receipts of copies of the premium lists issued by the Franklin county, and the Sagadahoc county Agricultural Societies for their fall exhibitions. That of the former takes place at Farmington, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st, and of the latter at Topsham Oct. 13th—15th. The several lists are contained in neatly printed pamphlets, and furnish in addition to a schedule of premiums, a programme of each day's doings, names of committees, rules and regulations and other matters of interest. Each society, we notice, adopts the plan of having a large rallying committee in each town, which serves to work up a greater interest in the fair. The Franklin County Society appropriates $36 for the encouragement of Farmers' Clubs, and has a special committee on farm improvements which will make their report Dec. 24, 1874. It has in addition, special committees on the Signal Service and the International Centennial exhibition at 1876. The Sagadahoc Society offers special premiums for orchards and cranberry fields, entries of which must be made before Sept. 1st, 1874, and information upon which may be obtained of the Secretary I. E. Mallett Esq., Topsham. A sweepstake premium for drawing oxen is also offered by the Society.

Editorial Notes.

Col. J. Manchester Haynes of this city will please accept our thanks for several fine bunches of nice lettuce, placed on our table as we were sitting down to dinner on the 22d inst..

We understand that Messrs. Hill & Robinson of St. Stephen N. B., have been appointed sole agents for the Meadow King Mower for Fredericton, Woodstock, St. John and other contiguous parts of the Province; where this mower is justly meeting with much favor.

A few days since we received a call from Mr. Geo. B. Weaver of Newport, R. I., the gentlemanly agent of the Eagle Mower and Reaper, who was on an Eastward tour laying out his work for the season's campaign. His new circulars are now ready and will be mailed to any address on application. This mower and the Bay State Rake will be for sale this season by Mr. Weaver's agents at the leading points in Maine and the Provinces.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Grapes in Maine---No. 4.

Fifty Years' Personal Experience.

Before we plant a grape vine, it is well to consider thoroughly what we wish to accomplish, as to space to be occupied as a border for its roots, as well as the height and width of surface on which it is to grow. If to be trained to one or more low stakes, that is one thing; if to a low trellis, four to six feet high, against a wall or fence, that will be another thing; if to occupy the side of a building and go up twenty feet high or more, that is still another consideration and our disposition of its roots will depend, at the start, on the proposed size of the full grown vine, and they will grow to any size required. My large vines have canes thirty feet in length and lie ten feet or more on the roof of buildings, after leaving the top of the trellis. My very best fruit and the very highest flavored are gathered off these roof canes. Such vines should be allowed eight square feet of border, two feet deep, or twelve feet long, by six or seven wide. Low trellis vines, with two arms only, should have sixty square feet; and stake vines, sixteen to twenty square feet. The Delaware takes the least room but must be well fed. The Concord, Eumelan, Hartford and such like want more root room, to the extent named above.

It should never be forgotten that all vines in doors or out in this State, must be laid down and covered before winter absolutely comes, say November 10th, but not much sooner, as it is desirable to harden and ripen the buds as much as possible; they often rot if laid down too soon, and low trellis vines are frequently much disfigured in this way and show bad gaps which cannot be mended.

It is important then so to plant as to be able to lay them down speedily and without the slightest injury to the main stem or leaders, even when twenty or thirty years old, and we will venture to say, that not one vine in one thousand is so planted. Vines are invariably set directly or very nearly under the trellis or rafter in the grapery, to which they are to be trained, and in a very few years they get too rigid to bend and are split open or torn from their roots laterally, in the vain effort to get them down. All this is avoided by a very small outlay of gumption, the day you plant the vine. No vine should be planted nearer to its stake or trellis than twenty inches (twenty-four is better), and then it should be made to grow on an angle not higher than 45° till it meets it; then up at 45° as you will. All house vines should be taken in or planted under one rafter, and then bent over at the ground at 45° till it comes under the next rafter, then up as usual, crossing the vines in the middle of the grapery, two of them—half to lie one way and half the other, and they will almost fall into their place for twenty years when cut loose in the fall, to cover. No vine should ever be trained bolt upright from the ground, but all shoots, one or more, should start off on the angle stated. I can put down a hundred vines in the field trained this way alone, while two men are getting down either one of my large home vines which were set when I did not know so much as I do now. The roots get more warmth of course and are more easily dressed and watered. I got this from no book ever written on the subject, but the public are very welcome to the information. It is of as much or more consequence than the formation of the border.

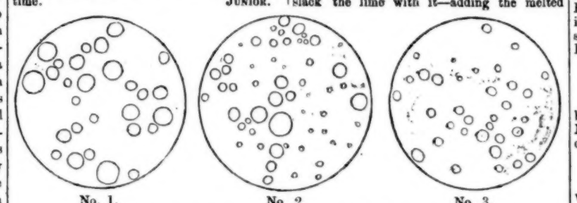
To make a border for the roots, look about you and see if the proposed spot is high, well drained naturally, and clear always of stagnant water. If not, it must be made so. One foot above the adjacent ground is none too much for the rear surface of the border and eight inches for the front, after it is three years planted. Keep this height fully by an annual top dressing. If the soil is very sandy or gravelly, or both, and leachy in consequence, improve it with clay loam well worked into it, two feet deep from the top of the border. Mix up with it in digging a good supply of old cow manure, broken bits of brick, charcoal, old mortar, whole or crushed bones, shells, muscle, clam or oyster shells also broken up; and if an old boot or two drops in, or other similar rubbish, it will do no harm; the object is to get a free porous soil which will hold water sufficient in its broken brick or charcoal, to keep the vine vigorous, and shells or any other mineral lime, sufficient to render the border a never failing supply of natural calcareous matter, beside the old mortar, which is largely sand or air-slaked lime, which leaches down through wholly in a few years. All vines raised from single buds should be set so as to be six inches at least at the crown of the roots, below the top of the border leaving a dish or hollow at first planting, to be filled up around the stem a month or two afterwards as the new wood gets hard and brown. All vines raised from cuttings or layers should be laid in slanting, so as to bring the top ring of roots about as first mentioned and filled in the same. Cut off smooth all bruised roots, also cut in straggling long roots, so as to start anew and cause a uniform growth in all directions around the main stem. Keep out of this border all rotten pine or resinous wood—put into it as much decaying hard woods as you please. Vines don't want tar, pitch or turpentine, or any of the woods these useful products are extracted from.

If your land is heavy or a clay loam, improve it with light pasture sods, gravelly loam, coal pit earth if you can get it, and never forget the broken brick, old mortar and shells. Two feet is deep enough for any border below its top, grapery or otherwise, if you want to be sure of well ripened wood, an early stop to its fall growth, and good hard, sound, reliable fruit buds every year. I let all grow that will the first year; we want roots not bearing canes.

If you want nice clean fruit on a low trellis, handy to manage and almost sure to ripen every year, and have a smooth, flat ledge, or one with a vertical or angular face which lays right to the sun, improve it, if the soil is, or can be made two feet deep for the vine roots.

My next and last paper will be devoted wholly to pruning, training and handling the vine, and but for circumstances beyond my control would have appeared in this number of your paper. Other remarks generally on grape culture I may offer briefly at a subsequent time.

JUNIOR.



No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter about Apple Trees.

Winter-killing of Apple Trees.

I noticed in the issue of April 11th of the MAINE FARMER, that "G. H. S." of Hampden, gives a history of his twenty-four New York trees, planted two years ago, and says: "The trees did quite well the first year, but last year they did nothing. This morning I made an examination, and found that eight of them are entirely dead, while most of the rest are dead at the tops, and there is not a single healthy one among them. I am of the opinion that this is the experience of a great many who bought New York trees the same year." He further states: "I examined an orchard in North Carmel a short time ago, which had been filled with New York trees, and I found large numbers of the trees were dead, while others are dying. What is the cause, can any one tell?"

My experience with twenty-five Maine grown trees is similar to "G. H. S.'s." They were grafted or budded on seedling stocks in my own nursery, and planted out the same spring that "G. H. S.'s" trees were, on good orchard land, in good condition a few rods from the nursery. They were three years from the bud or graft, and were more or less winter-killed during the winter of 1872-3. Four or five Roxbury Russet trees were killed back to the ground. My opinion is that "G. H. S.'s" trees were injured by winter-killing. If he recollects, the summer of that year was dry and the autumn was extremely wet and warm, and trees generally were stimulated into renewed growth, and the dormant leaf and fruit buds that were formed in August, and should have remained torpid till the next spring, became excited to start, and were injured by winter-killing. It was especially so with the Roxbury Russet, consequently but few buds of that variety blossomed the spring following, and the result is, there are but few Roxbury Russets in the country this spring. Likewise the buds of scions of that year's growth were so generally injured, that but few would grow when used for grafting, and many nice Baldwin trees that had borne fruit for years were killed entire; especially on flat land, and in the vicinity of rivers and streams of water, and near the margin of ponds and lakes.

Since writing the above, I have noticed a very sensible communication which appeared in the FARMER of April 18th, from "G. F." of Harrison, on "Maine Fruit Nurseries," which very nearly agrees with my experience, and corroberates the above statement in relation to injuries to fruit trees, from the winter of 1872-3. "G. F." says: "Neither would it be advisable to plant a nursery near the margin of a lake or river in low ground, however fertile or easily worked the soil might be, for in winter the severe frosts and sudden changes of weather are too much for young fruit trees, and in some years are sufficient to endanger the vitality of *any* trees growing in such places. The fate of thrifty young orchards and fruit gardens in 1872, in low lands and in the vicinity of lakes, warrants this conclusion." During the severe seasons of 1856-7, the Baldwin (a very tender variety) was not injured on the high hills of Winthrop (my native town), while the winters of those seasons proved very disastrous to the Baldwin, as well as many other varieties on low lands. Trees ripen their wood earlier on high hills or elevated ridges, than on low lands between the hills, and are not subject to so sudden changes of temperature.

Native and Foreign Trees.

I am free to say my prejudices are in favor of Maine grown trees, provided they are grown with equal care and skill as those of foreign growth. Most of the trees grown in Maine are scrub trees, with long tap-roots. I have raised as good trees as ever grew in New York, Connecticut or Massachusetts. Trees can be grown from the seed in Maine, large enough to bud in two summers, and if budded in August, can be grown large enough to set in three years from the bud. If we cannot grow trees in five years from the seed, large enough to plant out in an orchard, we shall have to depend on the West for our trees, unless we grow our orchards for our heirs, as many are doing. I have apple trees from eighteen to twenty inches in height from the seed planted last spring, and hope to grow budded apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, as suitable to transplant as those of foreign growth, in four or five years from the seed.

ALFRED SMITH.

Monmouth.

For the Maine Farmer.

Suggestions to Farmers.

1st. What fills the cow's udder with milk like a flowing green pasture, with feed up to the eyes, and a good flowing of spring water?

2d. What fattens the ox and gives increase and rapid growth to young stock like a rich pasture with running water?

3d. What kind of food is so cheaply obtained and permanently assured for years, as well established pastures of four to six acres each; securing in small compass all the enriching droppings of the animal, which at the proper season may be scattered by beetles or rakes, and thus the manure is evenly distributed?

4th. How may "Dutch cuss" or white-weed better be disposed of than to be plowed under and made into a pasture or wheat field? Turn it under at about blossoming time (it is not worth haying), stock it down at once to the proper pasture grasses. How much hard labor would be saved in feeding to old moolly cow, and how much butter and cheese would be the increase from this change of pasture?

5th. What but well pulverized soil will give better paying crops, especially for corn and potatoes, with manure spread liberally and put in with the second plowing? What a saving of time and money to use the cultivator both ways in the cornfield, and abandon the hoe altogether, which will be found unnecessary in keeping down weeds and the surface fresh. Hills are not wanted in a corn-field.

6th. What a mistake to plant grains of any kind on flat, soggy lands, where mildew and rust emanate from these humid localities.

7th. What an error in not cutting grass as soon as it begins to blossom; like the maple that is in full flow of liquid sugar, so the saccharine juices impart sweetness and value to the new made hay.

8th. What an error to plant small potatoes, when common sense teaches that large ones have large eyes or germs, and make the large vines upon which will be found the large potatoes when digging time comes.

9th. What may be expected from the young orchard, if stuck down into a mud hole or standing in a barren soil without care or enrichment, to stand like a child that has the rickets, the positive evidence of stunted growth and of a slothful farmer? A good orchard even if never so small, is the bond of family attachment, continuing from the youngest child for ward to the great grandfather—never to be forgotten for its delicious fruits.

H. POOR.

Brooklyn, L. I.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from the Apple Orchard.

The Bark Louse.

The most appropriate season of the year for applying a wash to apple trees, for the purpose of destroying the bark louse, is about the second or third week in June. At that time the shell which covers the insect becomes loosened from the bark and the eggs are deposited on the tree in a white, downy substance. A wash applied at that time destroys both the insect and the eggs. The best preparation I have found for applying effectually is prepared as follows: To half a bushel of unslacked lime, add two pounds of salt and two pounds of grease. Dissolve the salt in warm water and slack the lime with it—adding the melted grease while the lime is hot, and after the mass is partially cool, thin it with water, and apply with a brush to the limbs or parts of the tree on which the lice are found. A wash prepared in this manner will adhere double the length of time of common white-wash, both to trees and fences.

Roots to Trees Necessary.

Your article in the FARMER of the 16th inst., under the heading of "Roots," suggest some valuable ideas on transplanting fruit trees. I have long been of the opinion, that the reason of our losing such a large proportion of our young fruit trees, brought from Western nurseries, is that they are not taken up or set out with proper care. I have frequently seen trees brought from New York nurseries, packed in bundles of half a dozen or more, and the roots of a bundle could be set into a half bushel measure, although the trunks of the trees were about the size of a broom handle. In transplanting trees of that size from my little nursery (I raise my own trees from the seed), I cut a circle with a spade around each tree, about three feet in circumference, loosen the earth under the tree, and take it up with as little injury to the roots as possible—at the same time shortening in the top about as much as I think I have amputated the roots. On taking out the tree I find I have cut off a few roots about the size of a pipe stem—these I smooth with a sharp knife before setting out. I have supposed till recently, that by pursuing this method, I had taken up the trees with nearly all their roots. A few days since I was under the necessity of removing four small trees which had been set out only two years, and took them up with the usual care. On cutting down the bank where these trees stood, I found that within the past two years, the roots had penetrated three and a half feet downward into solid clay. I have set out hundreds of fruit trees and by using proper care in taking up and setting out have never lost a tree by transplanting.

M.

Brunswick, May 1874.

For the Maine Farmer.

What I Know about Raising Beans.

Having had a little experience in raising beans that was satisfactory, I propose to give the readers of the FARMER the benefit of it.

We frequently see the statement in the papers that we should plant beans on poor land. I would as soon think of planting corn on poor land. I prefer a good soil where potatoes grew the year before. Don't be in any hurry about it, but when the ground gets dry and warm, plow it well. Then haul on a good dressing of barn manure and spread it. Then harrow it down. Now bring on your plow and give it a second plowing. And by the way, the man who never gave his ground a second plowing, never dreamed how mellow and nice it will make it.

After the second plowing, harrow it down lightly. Now take your hoe and go over it, making the holes for the hills. Make the rows about fourteen inches apart, and the hills not over twelve inches apart in the rows. Put about five beans in a hill and cover them somewhat lightly and leave the surface of the ground perfectly level, and never "hill up" your beans a particle till they are pulled. After your beans are well up, when the sun shines brightly and hay would make well, then take your hoe and go to work. Never on any account let even a dog go across a piece of beans when the dew is on or the ground is damp from rain, letting alone hoeing them. By having your ground rich, your beans will grow. By planting them near together you get a good many on the ground, and just as soon as your beans cover the ground, the weeds are down, except a stray pigweed or nettle which you can pull up. Now be sure and pull them when the pods have all or nearly turned white, without waiting for the leaves to dry up.

This process gave me for several years in succession, at the rate of sixty bushels of yellow-eyed beans to the acre, by actual measurement. By planting the old way, rows three and a half feet apart and the hills about two, you get no beans on the ground, they will have to keep up a perpetual fight with the weeds, and the weeds will be sure to get the best of it.

Baring. D. C.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Waldo County.

Farmers are having the blues and plead poverty, but we find some who are cheerful or look on the bright side of the question. It has been a hard winter for grass lands; new ground is almost a total failure, but farmers are sowing on more seed. We must sow in order to reap, and he that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly; put in a good lot of grass seed, and trust in Providence for a good crop. I find that the winter has been unfavorable for fruit trees; a great many young trees have been girdled by the mice; and the warm weather in January started the sap and the bark is cleaving from the tree in many cases. I noticed some trees in the orchard of S. F. Gilman of Morrill, which were badly winter killed. He took new dung from the barn and bound round the trunks of his trees, using meadow hay twisted in roots to keep the manure in its place, which I thought a good idea and would recommend others to go and do likewise. I find some fine orchards in this country. Mr. Pitcher of Belfast, raised five hundred bushels of nice Baldwin apples the past season, for which he gets $2 50 per bushel. I also notice some good stock in this county. M. T. Osgood of Palermo, has a yoke of two year old steers which girth 6½ feet and are well matched and well mated. I think they are hard to be beat. Mr. Howard Murphy of Belfast, has six cows of the Jersey stock which paid him seven hundred dollars the last year; he has the best lot of cows I have seen in this county. Who says that cows do not pay? Farmers in this county are selling too much hay but I think cheese factories will have a tendency to keep our hay at home. Let us take courage and go to work with cheerful hearts.

Morrill. J. P. C.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Correction.

The announcement of Mr. Charles B. Wellington in the FARMER of May 23d, contains a grave error so far as my own horse "Young Fearnaught" is concerned. "Little Claude" not only did not take the first premium over my horse at the Eastern Kennebec Horse Show last year, as "Young Fearnaught" was not a competitor in the same class with Claude—but Young Fearnaught *was awarded* the First Premium as the *best three-year-old stallion* (Claude's premium being for stallions for general use) and I hold, not only the *blue ribbon*, as evidence of the fact, but the certificate of the Trustees, certifying to the same. By making this correction you will confer a favor.

Augusta, May 22d. J. D'ARTHENAY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Large Lambs.

I have noticed of late in the papers the weight of young lambs, which induced me to weigh a few of mine, when one or two hours old; and I found one single lambs weighing 13 lbs; a pair of twins 16½ lbs; and another pair 18½ lbs. These are the the "Texel" or "Moulton Flandrin" breed which I obtained from Winthrop W. Chenery, and by him imported.

East Dixmont. W. B. FERGUSON.

Book About Birds.

Will you please inform a subscriber of your paper where I can send and get a book on stuffing birds. [Field Ornithology, by Dr. Elliot Coues, noticed by us a few weeks since, is just the book you want. Published and for sale by the Naturalist Agency, Salem, Mass. Price $2.50 by mail, post paid.—ED.]

Etna. JUD D. FRIEND.

More Large Eggs.

The following have been reported: E. Kimball, Carmel, one 7 by 9 inches; L. French, North Vienna, one 6¼ by 8 inches, weighing 4¼ ounces.

Keeping Hawks from Hens.

W. B. Flanders, Cornville, enquires what will prevent hawks from catching chickens. If any means has been devised or has been successfully tried by others will they not report it?

Franklin County Items.

Spring is very backward and farmers have only fairly commenced their spring work. We had a fine rain Saturday, the first we have had this month, and it has improved the face of mother earth greatly. Grass is starting well and despite the freezing and thawing weather of last winter, it now looks as if we might have a good hay crop. Not a large amount of hay will be summered over, the late spring, making sad havoc with what the farmers thought their surplus.

Stock of all kinds is in good condition, and if their owners do not cut off the allowance of hay before the grass is large enough to give them full sustenance, the outlook is favorable for a good growth this summer. S. G. F.

Wilton, May 18th.

Answer to Inquiry.

Let "A Subscriber" of East Corinth, who makes inquiry in FARMER No. 24, under the head of "Information Wanted," get some bone meal, and give one or two gills to each cow occasionally as they seem to require it. The bone meal can probably be obtained at the feed stores in Bangor, if not in his own town.

Foxcroft. L. R.

Give your cows a plenty of bone meal and sow some on your pasture land and your cows will not eat up your barn.

Cape Elizabeth. WM. MAYBERRY.

Pedigree of a Horse.

In a recent issue of your paper, a gentleman asks for information relative to his horses "John O'Gaunt" and "Brandywine." The former, John O'Gaunt, a brown horse, white strip in his face, was thoroughbred and was imported into New Brunswick from Ireland in the year 1846, by the Carleton County Agricultural Society, (a Mr. Magee now living, having been sent abroad for that purpose). He stood in this vicinity for about twelve years, getting many good colts, both stallions and mares, several of the latter are now living. As the old horse advanced in years, he became very vicious and finally died, not having received proper care. No imported horse by the name of Brandywine ever stood in New Brunswick.

F. T. BRIDGES.

Woodstock, N. B.

The Spring in Penobscot County.

Everybody I presume throughout the State is aware it is a very cold backward spring, but none of your numerous correspondents have yet dared to tell the readers of the FARMER how cold it is I will break the ice by saying the spring here is colder and later than the memorable cold seasons of 1815-16, which brought on such an Ohio fever. I can remember those seasons well. My father sowed grain in April both years. In this region little farming is done yet. A few early potatoes and oats have been put into the ground. Frost is encountered on some parts of nearly every piece yet plowed. I plowed a piece the 6th inst., and in one corner there was so much frost it could not be well plowed. Some farmers are buying all the hay they feed out. The prospect for the coming crop of hay is bad.

Hampden, May 9th. CLINTON.

Patrons of Husbandry.

"Star of Progress" Lodge of Patrons of Husbandry was organized in Jackson Village May 12th, with the following officers: D. D. Gould, Master; C. H. Getchell, Overseer; J. H. Cook, Lecturer; E. C. Fenderson, Steward; John Ford, Assistant Steward; J. S. Chase, Chaplain; M. S. Stiles, Jr., Treasurer; J. W. Wallace, Secretary; Edwin Hamilton, Gate Keeper; Mrs. D. K. Drake, Ceres; Mrs. C. H. Getchell, Flora; Mrs. B. D. Tasker, Pomona; Mrs. D. D. Gould, Lady Assistant Steward. There are already 30 members. Regular meetings Saturday, on or before the full moon.

J. W. W.

Jackson.

A Splendid Plow.

Samuel Hall, Esq., of Lincoln Center, Me., President of the North Penobscot Agricultural Society, in his letter of May 14th, 1874, says: "The SILVER EAGLE PLOW is the best plow that I ever handled for *lightness of draft*, and good work. I have followed farming for 40 years, and recommend this plow to farmers as the best plow I have ever seen."

Mr. Eben Buswell of Hallowell, lost a valuable horse from horse sil, one day last week. Such a loss comes hard upon a farmer at this season of the year.

For the Maine Farmer.

Register of Maine Horses.

Names Claimed.

BLACK NELL, for my filly, foaled May 22d, 1871. Got by Midnight, by Black Sultan; dam, Black Hawk.

PLYMOUTH BOY, for my stallion, foaled Aug. 17th, 1872. Got by Von Molke; dam, Black Hawk. Color, dark bay with black points.

Plymouth. J. H. CAMPBELL.

JOE HOPKINS, for my stallion, foaled June 1870; color, mahogany bay with black points; stands 16 hands high; weighs 1030 lbs. Got by Winthrop Morrill; dam, a fast Messenger mare.

East Winthrop. A. C. ROWE.

VIENNA BOY, for my stallion, foaled July 10, 1870; color, mahogany bay, with black points; stands 15¼ hands high, and weighs 1000 lbs. Got by Black Hawk Morrill, by Mettacomet, by Vermont Morrill; dam, Morgan; granddam, Black Hawk.

Vienna, May 16. GEORGE V. DAVIS.

VETO, for my Knox stallion, two years old; color black; stands 15 hands high. Got by Emperor William, by Gen. Knox, out of a Crawford mare.

St. Albans. F. R. WEBBER.

YOUNG FARMER, for my three years old stallion. Got by an English horse; dam, Messenger. Color, chestnut; weight 950 lbs.

Stockton. E. P. HARRIS.

BARNUM, for stallion, foaled May 4th, 1873; out of a half blooded Morgan mare; got by Bonny-Doon, by Black Sultan, by Gen. KNOX. Color, dark brown, star in forehead, Knox strip on the nose, one white hind foot; stands 14½ hands high; weighed May 5th, 1874, 700 lbs.

Corinna. EMERY SOUTHARD.

GENERAL, for my brown gelding three years old, with star in forehead, three white feet; got by the Strickland horse, which came from P. E. Island.

HORACE GRESLEY, for my bay stallion colt one year old in June 1874; one white foot and some white in forehead; got by Dirigo, dam, a Messenger mare known as the Berry mare.

Palmyra. JOEL M. PARKMAN.

Woman's Department.

Trinkets.

If you enter the cottage of the poor, or the palace of the wealthy, you will find on the corner shelf of the one, or the etagere of the other, numberless little knick-nacks and ornaments which appear very trifling and useless, and which to a stranger would be so insignificant as to be rejected as completely worthless. You stand before them as they are arranged on the shelves of the what-not, or the Davenport, and they are to you a collection of meaningless toys, possessed of no value and exciting no interest. And yet how dear are these same trinkets to the family circle who are acquaintwith their history, and who are familiar with their history, and who are familiar with the long line of happy recollections which they call up! This was once a plaything which blessed little Herbe held in his own hands when he was sick; this little box was a gift to Nellie on a birth-day anniversary, and she can tell you how old she was when Aunt Mary gave it to her, and who of her playmates were present at the little party—some of whom, alas, are bright angels in heaven, now; this is a little memento of dear Uncle John, who gave his life for his country, and who carried it in his pocket all through his two years of fighting, and who brought it home with him when, sick unto death, he came home to breathe his last among friends; this was brought by a big brother from California, or from a distant isle of the sea, when on a foreign voyage; this is the picture of Susie when a baby—a pretty, laughing face, and bright ringlets playing about her neck—she is a mother now, but we who are grandparents still love to look at it, and from it bring before us our only daughter, as a merry child!

And so we could go on naming each little ornament, and giving its history—for each has its history, and in consequence has become a part and parcel of the family life, and the memories which they each recall are sad or joyous, as the case may be—but each blessed, because hallowed by the sorrow of bereavement or the joys of future hopes. And so we prize these—no, not trinkets, which are worthless—but these dear and sacred mementoes of loved ones who are lost; these inanimate things which are full of life and vitality, which speak words to us that we love to remember; which, by a glance, tell us long chapters of dear heart-history; which, though without meaning to others, are to us as dear as our own lives, and with which we can never bear to part. And so we treasure them, and so each household treasures its own, clinging to them with unutterable fondness until our own lives end, and some memento of us is added to the little shelf, to become dear to those who speak our names to strangers.

Education of Farmers' Wives.

Farmers' wives should study economy: economy of money, economy of time and economy of mind. Most of us think we know how to save, but we do not. It is not economy for farmers' wives and daughters to stand out in the snow on butchering day and clean and wash hogs' entrails, just to save what little fat there is on them for soap grease. I have known farmers' wives and daughters to do this when the whole amount saved would not be worth twenty-five cents, and their husbands and fathers at that time were worth thirty thousand dollars.

I know farmers' wives who are so anxious to make money that they never allow their little children to have any cream or good rich milk to eat with their mush. They give their little ones blue milk and sour yeast seven days old, (they say it takes so much fresh bread for a meal they only bake once a week) and the consequence is, the children are made sick, the doctor is sent for and his bill has to be paid, which is often as much as all the butter will come to that the mother sells in six months. Now all such methods as these are the very reverse of economy. When farmers' wives are as intelligent as they should be, they will consider the preservation of their own health and the health of their families as the greatest economy that can be practiced on the farm.

We must quit this stuffing business;

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 30, 1874.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices

Mr. C. S. Ayer will canvas Cumberland county during the month of June.

Mr. J. P. Clark will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county, during the Summer.

Mr. A. Gordon of Solon, will visit subscribers in West Somerset County during the month of June.

Reform Schools.

According to reliable information, the Ohio Reform School, or Farm, as it is more generally called, is a model of its kind, and to Dr. Howe the able superintendent is largely due the credit of its present prosperous and satisfactory condition. At one of the meetings of the National Prison Reform, Congress recently held in St. Louis, Dr. Howe was one of the principal speakers, and the subject under discussion was reformatory institutions for boys. The Ohio School is one of the first institutions of the kind in this country and those in Michigan, Iowa and several other States are modeled on the Ohio plan.

A leading feature in this system, and in respect to which it is very unlike the Maine Reform School, is the great freedom allowed the boys and the beneficial results arising from this kind of treatment were stated by Dr. Howe. When the plans for the institution were drawn, it was expected that a place of confinement would be needed and a small stone lockup was provided for and built.

But for years after the Farm was in successful operation, to the great surprise of many, this lockup remained entirely useless, never having had a single occupant, and finally it was devoted to other purposes. Dr. Howe and his associates commenced the management of this institution fully impressed with the truth of the saying, that "the world is governed too much." The plan which they adopted was to govern the institution as lightly as possible, consistent with good order and efficiency. Dr. Howe said that the whole secret of the wonderful success which had marked the progress of the Farm was "little government" and "none merely for the sake of government."

The Farm buildings are surrounded by no prison like wall and none have ever been found necessary, for the boys seldom attempt to escape, and in most instances when one has run away, he has returned of his own accord. Of the large number now in attendance, there are only four who cannot be trusted to visit Lancaster, a town situated seven miles away. In the whole history of the institution, corporal punishment has rarely been found necessary, or resorted to. The governing power is the law of kindness. In his treatment when he enters the Farm institution, the past life of the boy is not taken into account. He is treated as a boy of good heart and one that can be trusted until the contrary is proved by misdeeds committed after he enters, and this confidence has rarely been misplaced. The boy is generally surprised that instead of being distrusted, suspected, and surrounded by close restrictions, he finds uniform kindness and almost absolute freedom. The good effect of this treatment, in most instances, is at once manifest in the deportment of the boy. Most of the boys who are sent to this and similar institutions have never experienced the enjoyments of home, and kind treatment, and in a properly conducted institution, for the first time in their lives, they gain a knowledge of what a real home is.

Dr. Howe expressed the belief that if a wall were erected around the buildings many of the boys would at once run away, the sight of the walls suggesting the idea of imprisonment, which their treatment had never done. The farm is large, the discipline so easy and the boys are surrounded by so many homelike comforts that they have no wish to go away. The statements of Dr. Howe were fully corroborated by the Superintendents of other similar institutions modeled on the same plan, and the testimony was of such a character as to leave few if any doubts in the minds of those who heard, that the Ohio plan is the true one.

This plan has not been adopted, to any very great extent, in the management of our own institution, and herein probably is the cause of its failure to accomplish what was expected of it. Established as an experiment over twenty years ago, it has not yet come to be regarded as one of the permanent institutions of the State. It has ever been too much like a prison or a place of punishment, and too little like a reformatory institution. The plan of the buildings, the high wall surrounding the play-ground, the cells into which the boys are turned and bolted at night, are all suggestive of restraint and confinement, and so far as we have had any knowledge of the general treatment of the boys, it has corresponded with the plan and construction of the buildings. They have been treated too much as outlaws who are there to suffer punishment for their misdeeds and are not to be trusted. Under this system it is no wonder that the school has not succeeded better and that doubts still linger in the minds of many, of the propriety of providing for its support.

A sum of money was appropriated by the last legislature to be expended in making changes in the internal arrangements of the Reform School buildings. We do not know what the character of the proposed changes may be, but we certainly hope they are to be in accordance with the ideas expressed by Dr. Howe and so fully concurred in by others on the same occasion, and if such changes are made and the prison system in the treatment of the boys entirely abandoned, in our opinion it will mark a new era in the history of this benevolent institution and Legislative committees will no longer talk of abolishing the school and the Legislature will not hesitate to make provision for its support.

☞ There is much wickedness in the world yet and the millenium may still be far off. Some chap at Washington sent a circular to the Granges of the West, containing the statement that any public documents desired by the members would be promptly forwarded by express if they would send their addresses to members of Congress. As a result, the various Senators and Representatives at the capital have been deluged with letters from their agricultural constituents to an extent undreamed of, two or three bushels per day being a fair complement for some of them. And they keep coming. Some of the Western members who would particularly like to stand well with their constituents, find themselves placed in a very embarassing situation. It will take all their salary to pay the postage on the cartloads of agricultural and patent office reports ordered, and if they don't do it they will get sat down upon by the enraged members of the Order.

☞ At Alfred, Judge Walton called for the jail calender, remarking he thought it a good plan to look them over occasionally, else a man might be kept in jail from one year's end to another. Then turning to Sheriff Warren he said, "I don't mean that anything of the kind is likely to happen in Alfred jail!" Those who heard the remark saw the point and indulged in a good laugh.

City News and Gossip. The Clerk of the Courts for the county of York has laid before the Governor and Council, all the evidence in the Isle of Shoals murder case, and at the next meeting of the Council it will be decided whether a death warrant shall be issued or the sentence commuted.—The season for circusses and menageries has come, and we learn that several are heading this way.—The recent rains have started the grass which now promises well for a good crop.—D. Knowlton is about putting up an addition to his shop on Oak street.—Col. Lambard at his car works is manufacturing an improved wood furnace which is becoming very popular.—A small boy by the name of Scott, while passing a hut at Coomb's Mills, last Sunday, was seized by a strange man who carried him to a neighboring forest, and was about stripping him for the purpose of whipping him; when some passers-by came to the rescue.—We acknowledge a copy of the City Reports, just issued from the press of Sprague, Owen & Nash. The City Marshall will furnish copies to those who desire them.—Potatoes are selling at one dollar per bushel. A few years ago the starch factories bought them for 17 cents per bushel and now they rarely drop below 50 cents.—Salmon sell in Bangor at 35 cents per pound, while at our fish markets they want 60.—The Second Advents hold regular meetings in Darby Hall.—Strawberries have made their appearance in the market, but their price puts them beyond the reach of the printer.—The scholars in the Village District are practicing on two pieces which they will sing Memorial Day.—The death of Gen. Dyer, Chief of the Ordnance Department, was appropriately noticed by a salute at the Kennebec Arsenal, Monday.—Henry Safford caught a young salmon at the lock of the Kennebec dam, Saturday. He was fishing for perch with a baited hook. River salmon rarely take bait, but then this one was young and inexperienced. He measured fourteen inches in length and is thought to be a year old.—The law court for the middle district is now in session at the Court House in this city.—The Augusta fire companies declined to aid in the ceremonies of decorating the soldiers' graves.—The steamer Magnet is to run this summer between Augusta and that well advertised seaside home, Squirrel Island. The boat will be put on about the 15th of June.—Mrs. Sarah Ladd of this city, daughter of Theophilus Hamlen, one of the founders of the city, died Monday, at the age of eighty-five years. She was one of the sixteen little girls who, at the age of eleven years, represented the States of the Union in the mournful procession in Augusta, in honor of the memory of General Washington, in January, 1800, and was the last of that historic sixteen.—Col. Z. A. Smith of the Press, has been engaged to deliver the oration at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, on the 17th of June, at which time the decoration services will take place.—L. W. Grafton has bought an interest in the marble works of W. H. Turner and the business is to be enlarged.—Logs have been running quite freely in the Kennebec for a day or two past.

☞ The Portland Press learns that the arrangements for the running of trains between Portland and Boston, under the provisions of the contract between the Boston & Maine and Eastern Railroads, has been settled. The 3:30 P. M. trains from Boston and the 6 P. M. train from Portland on both roads are to be discontinued. The morning trains from Boston will leave at 8 o'clock instead of 8:30, as at present. The 6 A. M. train from Portland on the Eastern road will be discontinued. The night Pullman train on the Eastern will leave Boston at 6:30 P. M., instead of 8 o'clock. All other trains will run as at present. The loss of the 6 P. M. train from Portland will be regretted, as it was a favorite with the citizens. If the roads had arranged to discontinue different trains instead of the same trains on both roads, the facilities of travel would have been less restricted.

☞ The following important train changes on the Maine Central will be carried into effect June 1st. The night Pullman Express from Boston, will leave Boston at 6:20 P. M., and arrive at Augusta at 2:10 A. M., and at Bangor 5:30 A. M., being one and a half hours earlier than the present time. The morning train from Portland arrives at 10:35 A. M., and continues on to Skowhegan, being run as a mixed train. The afternoon train for Portland leaves Augusta at 2:45 P. M., and does *not* run through to Boston. The Gardiner accommodation leaves Augusta for Gardiner at 7:30 and 10 A. M., 2:10 and 6:05 P. M. Leaves Gardiner for Augusta at 6:30 and 8:15 A. M., 1 and 5 P. M. Only slight changes are made in the running time of other trains, for which see time cards at stations the last of this week.

☞ Arrangements have been perfected for a proper observance of Memorial Day in this city. A procession will be formed on Water street the right resting on Bridge street, Saturday, and will move at 2 P. M. The route will be up Bridge to State street, on State to Winthrop, up Winthrop to Sewall, on Sewall to Green, up Green through Forest Grove Cemetery to Winthrop; thence to Mount Pleasant where the services will be held. The column will be made up of the Capitol Guards, Post Seth Williams, members of the city Government, officers of the Soldiers' Home, and Kennebec Arsenal, school children, citizens &c., the whole to be led by the Augusta Cornet Band.

☞ Mr. Moses Stevens, who, it will be remembered learned his trade of Masters & Co., Hallowell, and took the steamer from Portland to Boston some three months since, and had not since been heard from. It was supposed that he had fallen overboard during an attack of sea sickness. The body of Mr. Stevens was found on Monday morning, off Point Shirley. On his body was found his sleeve buttons, pin, papers, keys and handkerchief marked "M. Stevens." His relatives in this city were summoned to the funeral Wednesday; the remains were buried at Mt. Auburn.

☞ We learn that during the past week the Railroad Commissioners have carefully inspected the main lines of the Maine Central and that the track, bridges, etc., are in first rate condition, and show a decided improvement the past year. This is especially true of the bridges, all of which, after thorough examination, they declare to be safe. President Morrill and his associates are giving the road their utmost efforts in the direction of wise economy, which will doubtless show excellent results in the next annual report.

☞ Our old friend N. J. Davis, formerly of the Commercial and afterwards of the United States Hotel in Portland, has leased the Franklin House in Bangor. There are probably few men in Maine who know better how to keep a good hotel than Mr. Davis, and after a rest of three or four years, we are glad that he has again taken up the business for which he is so admirably fitted.

☞ The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in another column, announcing the second sale of Millwood Farm Jersey Stock, at auction, at East street, Boston, on the 4th of June prox. This affords a rare opportunity for purchasing fine specimens of the stock of these celebrated breeders.

☞ At Alfred last week the Grand Jury found forty-seven indictments as follows: Thirty-eight liquor cases including three nuisances and two single sales; one larceny, two breaking and entering, two adultery, two defective highway, two assault and battery and assault on officials.

☞ At the Maine Sunday School Convention held in Bangor, last week, a unanimous vote was passed in favor of the uniform lesson system.

Bowdoin College. The students of Bowdoin College have for some time past manifested in various ways, their opposition to the military drill which is required of them. Friday the Sophomore and Freshman classes held meetings and agreed not to drill again. Every member of the classes except two Sophomores signing a paper to that effect. Only the two Sophomores who refused to sign the paper were present on the parade ground at the usual hour for drill. Saturday morning the Juniors held a meeting and took similar action, after which there was a joint meeting of the three classes, and an agreement was signed that the suspension or expulsion of one of their number would be considered by that as the suspension or expulsion of all. The faculty have the matter under consideration, and it is said will insist upon the students receding from their position or expulsion will follow. A committee of the faculty met the students and with conciliatory words endeavored to persuade them to recede from their position, in which endeavor they were unsuccessful. A joint meeting of the three lower classes was held in the evening, at which it was unanimously voted to maintain their position at all hazards. The three classes number 124 members, of which 121 have signed the bonds not to drill again, and to abide the consequences.

On Tuesday the Sophomore and Freshman classes were summoned before the faculty and asked if they would in the future abide by the rules of the College. All the members but two said they would obey all rules excepting those relating to the drill. Those they would not obey. To this the faculty replied, "Then you must leave town, and your punishment will be sent to you by mail."

The Junior class was summoned to the noon artillery drill as usual, but none of them appeared. The members of this class have also been sent to their homes. About one hundred have been sent away in all.

We were opposed to the introduction of the study of military tactics into Bowdoin College and believe the system should be abolished at once, but those students who entered the College knowing what the rules in this respect were, have no excuse for their acts of insubordination and will find little sympathy with the press and people of the State. The action of the Faculty in enforcing the rules adopted by the Trustees will be sustained, but we hope the Trustees will either modify their action in respect to military drill, leaving it optional with the student, or revoke it altogether.

☞ A murderous affray occurred on board schooner Annie B. of St. John, N. B. of Moushegan, Saturday night. The schooner was bound from Portland for St. John with old railroad iron, and before she sailed a man came on board and wanted to work his passage, which was permitted. At 12 o'clock Saturday night, when the mates watch was called, the passenger, who was in the captain's watch, came aft and suddenly discharged a revolver at the captain, the ball grazing his head. The captain run into the cabin and got his revolver, called the mate and going on deck met the man coming aft again and discharged several shots at him without apparent effect, and was knocked down. The mate, Solomon Camp, coming out of the companion way, was struck a terrible blow on the back of the head with an iron bar, which fractured his skull. The villain then fired a pistol shot into his head. The only other man of the crew was shot at without injury and fled up the rigging, where he remained during the affray. The captain exhausting his revolver, was pursued to the cabin by the assailant, where a struggle took place between them which was rencwed on deck, the captain being reinforced by the cook, a spunky boy. Failing in their efforts to get the man overboard, they retreated to the cabin The assailant then cut the halyards and sheets letting the sails down by the run, and getting into the boat cut it loose and left the vessel.

At daylight signals of distress were set and a New York vessel put a man on board the disabled craft and she was brought into Rockland Monday afternoon. Surgical assistance was rendered to the mate who will probably die The captain is not seriously injured. It is thought the assault was made with the intention of robbing the captain of his freight money, which the passenger knew he had on board before sailing.

The assassin who proves to be one Roberts of Deer Isle aged 25 years, has been arrested. He has a pistol wound in the breast and another slight one on the side of his head. He admits the assault but says he was not in his right mind, Camp, the wounded mate is more comfortable and it is thought he may recover.

A Queer Way to Reach a Verdict. A motion has been made to set aside the verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the case of Thomas A. Pike, in Portland, who was charged with killing his wife by throwing her on a sofa while she was drunk, a remarkable discovery of how the verdict was reached being made. It is as follows:—In an hour or so after the jury retired Wednesday afternoon, a ballot was taked and it was found that eleven were for conviction on a charge of manslaughter and one for conviction on a charge of assault and battery.

After some eight hours' session and earnest discussion it was agreed that eleven ballots marked "guilty" and one ballot marked "not guilty" should be put into a hat, and the juror in favor of conviction for assault and battery was to draw one. If he drew the ballot "not guilty," then the verdict was to stand as it was, eleven to one, but if he drew "guilty," the verdict of conviction for manslaughter was to be rendered. He drew the latter, and the verdict was so rendered.

☞ Mr. George Graffam of Woodford's Corner is a very much married man. Having one lawful wife he recently married a Miss Julia Augustine of Scarboro, the second Mrs. Graffam being unaware that her husband was a married man. After a short residence with the second wife, Graffam went to work for John Best of Saccarappa and then came to Portland. He resided there but a few months and then betook himself to Woodford's Corner stopping with Mr. John Carter who knew his second wife and that she was living.

Last Saturday Graffam went to Biddeford returning Monday with a niece of Mrs. Carter's whom he introduced as his wife, displaying their marriage certificate. Mrs. Carter then asked how he could be married to her niece with another wife living. This statement called out an explanation and Mrs. Graffam No 3, returned to Biddeford and had a warrant issued. The officers went to Woodford's Corner to arrest Graffam but he gave them the slip.

☞ Mr. Herbert M. Heath of Gardiner, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Senate, will deliver the oration at East Machias on Decoration Day.

Charles B. Rounds, of Calais, delivers the oration and Rev. A. J. Lockhart, of Pembroke, the poem at the latter town on Decoration Day. The procession will consist of the soldiers and sailors who served in the late war, Sons of Temperance and thirty-seven young ladies, representing the States of the Union.

Maine Thieves in Tuouble. In the Boston Municipal Court Monday Charles Gordon and George Blake who are charged with breaking and entering the store of Andrew Russ, in Maine, and stealing $500 worth of boots and shoes, were held in $1500 each for examination on the 26th. They will probably be taken to Maine in the meantime on a requisition from Governor Dingley.

Political. The State Republican convention is called to meet at Granite Hall, in Augusta, on the 18th day of June next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The Congressional convention for the third district, is called to meet at Meonian Hall, on the same day at one o'clock in the afternoon.

County Items. Saturday afternoon a hay barn situated near the depot, at Vassalboro, caught fire from a passing train. The fire rapidly spread and consumed the freight depot, two hay barns and a small house belonging to George W. Crummett. The hay barns belonged to G. M. Dutton and J. Daly, and contained about 68 tons of hay.—The *Reporter* says that the Robbins boy who left Gardiner a few days since, unknown to his parents, has been found in Vassalboro, where he had hired out.—Ex-Gov. Perham delivered his lecture on "Success" to a crowded house in Winthrop a few evenings since.—The *Mail* learns that Henry B. Lovejoy, Esq., a well known citizen of West Waterville, committed suicide by hanging, on Thursday night, at his residence in that place. We hear no further particulars.—Jacob Sampson, Esq., of Manchester, a prominent citizen of that town, a farmer, died the first of the week, and was buried on Thursday. His age was 75.—Dr. H. E. Robins of Colby University, has two commencement appointments to fill this summer. He will deliver an address to the students of Madison University, N. Y., also one to the students at Kent's Hill at their next commencement.—The old gentleman who strayed away from the Soldiers' Home at Togus, on Saturday the 16th, has not yet been found or heard from.—The Examination and Graduation Exercises of Oak Grove Seminary will occur Friday, June 5th. The Examination beginning at 9 A. M. will continue through the day, and the Graduation Exercises including the address of the Principal will occupy the evening, commencing at quarter of eight. Hon. Warren Johnson, it is expected, will be present.

☞ According to the New York Tribune, the debt of New York city has increased $30,296,481 in three years, and the same paper says that unless this increase can be stopped, the city will soon be bankrupt. There were issued in April last, bonds to the amount of $4,506,000, and among the items are $5,000 for repairing sewers. The finances of that great city must indeed be in bad shape, if its sewers cannot be repaired to the amount of $5,000, without the issue of bonds to meet the expense. Among the other items for which the bonds were issued, were the following: Cro ton water, $184,500; Docks, $115,000 Boulevard, $26,000; Park improvements, $105,000; Street repairs, $75,000; it being a total of over $600,000 for ordinary repairs and all in the single month of April. For many years these improvements have been going on and the funds raised by issuing bonds, and it will be years before the works will be completed. The annual expenditures amount to about 4½ per cent. on the assessed valuation of the city, while the income from taxes and other sources, amounts to but 3½ per cent. The balance is raised by issuing bonds. It seems quite evident that the expenditures must be curtailed, or the rates of taxation increased, or bankruptcy will be the inevitable result and that at no distant day.

☞ A proposition has been started by the Baptist denomination to celebrate the Centennial in 1876, by raising a fund for the endowment of their higher educational institutions. This is eminently proper, and we trust this sect may not be the only one to put forth efforts in the same direction, on the occasion of our hundredth birthday. According to the *Watchman and Reflector*, which is the leading organ of the Baptist denomination, the growth of the denomination has been rapid. In 1766, there was not more than twenty-five thousand Baptists in the United States, while at the present time the number has increased to nearly two millions.

A hundred years ago the number of persons attending Baptist meetings did not exceed the number of members, while now it is twice that number. According to carefully prepared statistics represented in round numbers, the Baptists in the United States at different times have numbered as follows: In 1795, 70,000; in 1812, 180,000; in 1835, 450,000; in 1870, 1,-600,000. The advancement of the denomination in wealth and influence has been fully equal to its increase in members. It is now one of the great religious denominations of the country.

☞ In his charge to the Jury in the case of Amos C. Benner, Judge Cutting is credited with the following remarkable language: "Now gentlemen, we know, notwithstanding that imperative declaration of the statute, (referring to the statute of 1869) that statute has been disregarded for a series of years. Why it has been so is not for me to say; there are a number of individuals in prison and have been there for years under the sentence of death, and there has been no commutation, no pardon, and no execution. You can readily see that the law has been violated in that particular, and I know of no distinction between the violation of *a* Maine Law and a violation of *the* Maine Law, and you might have a crusade against one as well as the other." It seems to us that Judge Cutting ought to know, if he does not, that every person convicted of murder in the first degree under the statute of 1869 has, at the end of a year after sentence, been either executed or had his sentence commuted. Under this statute several have had their sentence commuted to life imprisonment. In no single instance has the law of 1869 been violated or disregarded.

☞ Senator Hamlin received a letter from a constituent, named Chase, of Fairfield, who stated that a brother of his, who was a sailor, was taken sick with small-pox at Cronstadt, Russia, and died there; that the family received notice that there was an amount stated in Russian coin, but understood to be a small sum over his expenses, sent by the consul to the United States Treasury, which they had requested some one to get for them, but had never heard from it since; and that it was somewhere about 50 years ago. At request of Mr. Hamlin, search was made and $52.03 was found in the Treasury, belonging to the estate of Mr. Chase's brother, which had been deposited in the year 1828.

Fatal Accident in Thomaston. A fatal accident occurred last week at Thomaston while workmen were tearing down the old bank building. They had removed all but two props upon which the ceiling above rested, while Mr. Thomas J. Beverage was preparing to remove them, the floor above fell, burying him beneath the ruins. A number of men rushed to the spot, and by great exertion succeeded in removing him from the debris. He was carried to his home and lived but a few hours. He leaves a wife and several children.

☞ The last number of the Sanitarian tells how a hearty laugh once saved a man's life. He was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat which became so swollen, that death from asphyxia was momentarily expected. His friends came to his bedside to bid him farewell, and last of all came a pet ape and shook his master's hand and went away with his hands over his eyes. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man indulged in a hearty laugh which had the effect to break the ulcer and speedy relief followed.

☞ The first trot of the season over Piscataquis Central Park, will come off on Tuesday, June 16th commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. $250 in premiums are offered. First purse $100; $60 to the first, $30 to second, $10 to third, open to all horses that have never beaten 2.40. Second purse, $90; $55 to first, $25 to second, $10 to third' open to all horses that have never beaten 3 minutes. Dr.E A.Thompson of Dover is Treasurer of the Society.

Sad Accident. George Dennico of Ellsworth, met with a sad death Friday in Jerusalem, in the Dead river region, while at work on a drive. He was raising the gate to let the logs run out when the dam burst carrying him down with a great quantity of logs. He was a single man, about 23 years old.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Splendid Drew Horse.

Being an admirer of fine horses and especially of the old Drew stock, thought it might be of interest to your readers to learn something of the history of this horse's stock. We regard it to stand unsurpassed in this State for beauty speed and endurance, being almost universally acknowledged as possessing finer qualities for speed and roadsters, than any other in this State, as the high prices of his colts show. Probably no horse has ever benefitted the State of Maine as much as the old Drew. His colts have sold for higher prices and been more sought after than any other stock, many having been sold at prices varying from one to six thousand dollars each and carried out of the State, while some of his stock still remains.

We should never lose sight of the high qualities of the full blooded Drew horse. If we believe in the theory that "like begets like," the nearer we breed to the old Drew horse, the nearer we shall approach the attainments of his high qualities. He had speed and endurance, such as no other horse in this country ever had. While at Hartland Village a few days since, I saw one of his colts—a stallion twelve or fourteen years old, "Independence," which has been very recently purchased by Harfard-Merrow of that place, where he proposes to keep him this season for the use of mares.

While having no interest whatever in this horse, we were so much pleased with his looks and appearance, that we thought it might be of interest to the readers of your valuable paper to learn of him and his stock. His sire was the old Drew; his dam was sired by the old Vermont Black Hawk; weight, eleven hundred pounds or more; color, black. This horse took the first prize as a stock horse at the State Fair three years ago last fall, and at the Penobscot County Fair also. Has been driven 110 miles in ten hours, without stopping to feed or the least injury to him whatever. Is sound and smooth as a sucking colt. His colts are all good size, weighing from nine to eleven hundred pounds. Many of them have been sold at the ago of four or five years, for prices varying from five to fourteen hundred dollars each. One of his five-year-old colts took the first prize at the State Fair last fall as a gentleman's driving horse—trotted at that time in 2:40; was sold for fourteen hundred dollars and taken to Germany. His stock is of a beautiful bay or black, the most of them a splendid coal black; even from white or gray mares the colts are the same in almost every case, thus showing the unusual and wonderful power he has of stamping his colts in his own likeness. Who is the man with a white or gray mare would not send twenty or even fifty miles to secure the services of such a horse. We learn from the owner, Mr. Merrow, that the terms for the services of this horse will be very reasonable to all who may desire them.

D.

☞ The *Whig* says that fourteen students of the Bangor Theological Seminary, thirteen of whom are members of the middle class, were licensed to preach Thursday. The names are as follows: Edmund J. Burgess and Richard M. Burgess, East Tillbury, Ont.; Zonas Crowell, Liverpool, N. S.; John G. Evans, Scranton, Pa.; Arthur G. Fitz, Manchester, N. H; George Hindly, Oustic, Ont,; Chas. G. Holyoke, Yarmouth; Herbert A. Loring, East Sumner; William Peacock, Lanark, Ont.. Lauriston Reynolds, East Wilton; Edmund C. Sherburne, Pomfret, Vt.; Charles B. Woodcock, New York City; C. D. Craig, Clinton. The following had their licenses renewed for three years; John R, Chalmers, Wells river, Vt.; B. F. Grant, Newport; Chas. E. Harrington, Brewer Village; Richard W. Jenking, Kingston, Pa.; B. B. Merrill, Bangor; Chas. N. Sinnett, Harpswell.

The Mill River Disaster. Careful investigations by reporters of the Springfield Republican make the total number of victims by the Mill River disaster of 16th inst. Saturday 138, of whom 57 lived in Williamsburg, 4 in Skinnersville, 26 in Haydenville and 51 in Leeds. Of these the bodies of all but 14 have been recovered and identified and the work of searching for the dead has been practically given up as it is believed that most of the remaining bodies were swept out into the Connecticut river, where one has already been seen, though not recovered.

The relief Committee report about 150 families, composed of about 700 people, utterly destitute, and think the exigencies of the case demand $100,000.

The work of clearing up the debris and preparing for rebuilding is being actively prosecuted and the restoration of the desolated villages is already assured.

The Turf. The spring meeting at Beacon Park, which was postponed from Thursday, on account of the rain, was continued Friday. There was but one race on the original programme, but that for horses in the 2:34 class was taken from the closing day, making a full afternoon's sport.

In the race for 2:29 horses, Col. Moulton was the favorite before the start, and after running the first heat sold at large odds, but Shepard Knapp won the last three heats and the race. Time, 2:31½; 2:31; 2:30; 2:39. In the second race there were six starters out of eight entries, and it was won by Flora Belle after Jubilee Lambert got the first heat.

☞ Mr. Joseph Batchelder, who resides in Yarmouth, took his boat the other day to go a fishing. Mr. Batchelder has been subject to fits for a number of years and, on this occasion had not proceeded far before he was seized with a fit and fell over the side of the boat into the water. From the first he was totally unconscious and when he came to he found himself floating on his back on the water, and only his mouth and nose above the surface. Luckily he is a good swimmer and managed to reach his boat and get home. He says he shan't go boating alone in a hurry.

Found Guilty of Arson. The trial at Calais of Amos C. Benner for arson, which has excited great interest in that section, resulted in a verdict of guilty. The jury were out from Wednesday noon until about half past seven Thursday morning.

The Calais *Advertiser* says it has never known a verdict more opposed to the popular sense of Justice and that the jury stood on the first ballot nine for acquittal.

We learn that Benner escaped from the officers having him in charge, Saturday and has not yet been re-arrested.

Maine Inventions. The following is a list of patents issued to Maine inventors under date of May 5th:

Matthew Woods, Cape Elizabeth, car coupling.

Charles H. Getchell, Oldtown, chucking and centering device for medal turning lathes.

Barnabas A. Higgins, New Portland, machine for bending wood.

Oliver A. Goold, Portland, lamp chimney.

Re-issue, Edward M. Lang, Portland, machine for casting solder wire.

☞ The Montreal *Witness* repeats a statement made by a Toronto paper to the effect that a girl who has been attending a convent boarding school in Toronto, and who alleged that she had witnessed shocking immorality there, has disappeared. Advertisements have been published in the hope of finding her. Another girl who attended school with her refuses to return to the institution.

☞ The dwelling house of Willis W. Palmer in Boothbay, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon during a high wind, caused it is supposed, by a spark on the roof; insured for $1200 in the German American Company of New York.

☞ Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen one of Maine's most gifted poets, has arrived in Portland, where she proposes to spend the summer.

Items of Maine News.

Belfast claims a considerable influx of population this spring.

Massasoit Encampment, I. O. of O. F. of Boston will visit Lewiston in June.

Thomas Hatch of Washington, aged 79, dropped dead on Friday.

Pushaw Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, has been organized at Glenburn.

A boy named Moran, aged thirteen, fell dead from heart disease, at Bangor, Sunday.

Miss Mary Ann Griffin of Alfred broke her arm Saturday by falling over a milking stool.

Bangor and Brewer are to be connected by a ferry-boat this summer.

Mr. F. A. Testu's house in Fort Kent, with its contents, was burned last week.

Trains now pass over the Mattawamkeag bridge.

A York County Sunday School Union is to be formed.

A bear was shot in a trap at Perry recently, which weighed 500 lbs.

The Bowdoin College crew has decided not to enter at Saratoga this season.

A postoffice has been established at Old Orchard, with Frank G. Staples postmaster.

James M. Lowell, the Lewiston wife murderer, has been taken to the State Prison.

The French Canadians have opened a reading room in Lewiston.

Wm. A. Worster has secured the Island Ledge House at Wells Beach, for the ensuing season.

Dr. and Mrs. Bigelow of Lewiston, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their residence, Tuesday evening.

Mr. Ivory Frost, one of the leading citizens of Hampden, died very suddenly at his residence, Tuesday.

A man named Izett, was arrested Sunday, in Portland, for attempting to shoot his wife who had left him.

The Belfast shoe factory has closed temporarily, but will start up soon with increased facilities and force.

Mr. Oliver Johnson of Alfred was found dead in his bed Monday morning. The supposed cause of his death was heart disease.

John Keef has been bound over for trial in the Supreme court for an assault on officer Washburn of Lewiston.

The Lewiston Journal says the house of John Smith in Bethel, with its contents was burned last week.

The May session of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, will be be held in Bowdoinham, commencing on the 27th inst., and continuing two days.

The Earl Slate Quarry Company of Dover and Foxcroft was organized on Wednesday of last week with Hon. A. M. Robinson as President and M. W. Hall Secretary and Treasurer.

At the launch of M. D. N. Bird's yacht Coquette, at Rockland, Wednesday, the ways spread and the yacht fell over, ripping off the planking and otherwise injuring her.

The ship Susan Gilmore, launched last week at Newburyport, is largely owned in Searsport, and will be commanded by Capt. Nathan P. Carver.

On Saturday night some scoundrels fired a charge of buckshot into a room occupied by Martin Rollins of Lincolnville, with the evident intention of murdering Mr. Rollins.

N. C. Estes and wife, of Auburn, have been held for perjury in swearing falsely in two divorce cases to which they were the parties.

The graduation and alumni anniversary of the Eastern Normal School will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, May 27 and 28.

Fifty thousand salmon hatched at breeding houses on the Georges river, have been placed in the brooks tributary to that stream and fifty thousand more will soon be added.

Saturday night a son of Peter Mottran of Lewiston fell from a raft into the river and was drowned He was nine years old.

The Crusaders held a meeting in Bangor Thursday evening. Miss Lord and Mrs. Dunham read poems. Quite a number signed the pledge.

A few days since Mrs. Woodbury Small of Cherryfield, while insane, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. She leaves a family of young children.

The New Sweden colonists have manufactured two millions of shaved cedar shingles during the year ending May 1st. From this branch of industry alone $6800 will be realized.

The divorce suit of Lucy J. Burse vs. J. M. Burse, which attracted considerable attention in Oxford County in 1873, has been decided in Brooklyn in favor of the libellant.

Workmen are engaged in taking out a portion of the trestle work on the Boston and Maine road on Gooch Island, the filling having been about completed.

A committee of Eastern railroad men were in Scarboro' Thursday to estimate the amount of damages to property recently burned over by fires along the line of their railroad.

Four million feet of spruce logs have been put in the Presque Isle stream and are moving down. The river is in excellent condition for the drive.

Robert Smith, a well known ship owner of Kennebunk, is likely to lose the sight of his eye from a blow from a limb of a tree which he was cutting.

Hon. Ferguson Haines has about eighteen hundred tons of ice in his house near the "Boom" in Saco. The ice has been sold, to the "Mutual Benefit Co., of New York," and is to be delivered the coming fall.

Thomas Hershen of Belfast, picked up a stick of fire-wood and placed it in the stove, when it burst and scattered the stove covers and fire about the room. The stick had been bored and charged with powder.

Friday a little daughter of Mr. George W. Pope, of Brewer village, fell on a darning needle, which buried itself in her thigh so deep that the services of a surgeon were required to extract it.

At an informal meeting of the voters of Oldtown, Thursday, it was unanimously voted to give the land and loan the credit of the town to the amount of $25,000 to the E. & N. A. railroad if the company will rebuild there.

Miss Cornelia Estes of Presque Isle, a young lady 15 years of age, was operated upon before the medical class of Brunswick, Wednesday, for the removal of a large tumor from her neck, but survived the operation only half an hour.

Dr. Trask, convicted of manslaughter in causing the death of a child by neglect, was fined $500 by Judge Danforth, which he paid.

The vessels belonging to Lamoine and Trenton which have been engaged in the herring fishery at the Magdalen Islands, are reported on their homeward passage with full fares.

Mr. Gurney, one of the proprietors of the Revere House, Boston, is to build a cottage for himself and family at Old Orchard, near the Old Orchard House.

Work on the Somerset railroad will be resumed very soon, and it is expected that it will be completed to Madison Bridge, a distance of eight miles from its present terminus, by the first of November.

Last week the Freeman House at Cherryfield, used as a mill boarding house, was destroyed by fire. Several other dwellings caught fire, but were extinguished without much damage.

Last week while Dr. Zenas Bartlett of Mexico was driving from East Rumford the horse took fright and after throwing the doctor out ran into the river and was drowned. Dr. Bartlett was slightly injured.

L. C. Johnson, who mysteriously disappeared from Lewiston a year ago, has returned to that place and is settling up his liabilities. He says he left town to get money enough to do this. His coming back and doing it, is better than some fugitive creditors do.

A little daughter of John Ricker of Limerick was burned fatally last week. She was playing near a brush fire, when her clothes took fire. She with her brother ran nearly a quarter of a mile and threw themselves into a pond, but she was so badly burned that she soon died.

At the annual meeting of Newport Savings Bank on Monday, E. Shaw, E. Walker, George W. Whitney' Daniel Dudley and Alfred Miles were elected Trustees, E. W. Shaw was elected President, and Atkinson Hobart, Treasurer. The bank has about $200,000 of deposits, and paid an extra dividend of two per cent. April 1st.

A stock company is forming in Bangor to run a steamboat twice a week from that city to touch at all the shore landings to Belfast thence to Long Island, Castine, West Brooksville, Deer Isle and Ellsworth. During the summer four trips per week will be made to Mount Desert.

Mr. William Willey, of Kittery, while employed in putting shores under a schooner on the Marine Railway in that town, on Tuesday, had his hand peeled of flesh from the wrist to the fingers, laying bare the cords, by the falling of one of the shores.

A freight train on the European & North American railroad, was thrown from the track Friday, by cattle on the track. Five cars went off, four platform and one box, the latter loaded with machinery, which was smashed. A brakeman named Williams of Brewer, was thrown into the water, but escaped injury.

It is said that Boston & Maine tickets from Portland to Boston can be bought in any quantities at points on the Maine Central road at $1.50 and $1.75. The retail price at Portland is $2.50, and is likely to be less.

Items of General News.

A ministerial crisis exists in Rome.

Prof. Swing has withdrawn from the Presbyterian church.

The French Assembly has endorsed the new ministry.

The Pope is suffering from fever, the result of a cold.

A fire in Chicago Wednesday night and another Saturday, caused a loss of $70,000.

The baggage mills of Lima, O., were burned Saturday. Loss $20,000.

Jenny Lind was in Paris the other day, and sang to a few friends her favorite song from Il Puritani.

Advices from Calcutta report the condition of the people in the famine districts improving.

It is reported in Madrid that the Carlists shot several women last Sunday.

The Vulcan iron works at

Congressional Summary.

WEDNESDAY, Mty 20.

SENATE. A bill was reported favoring paying $100,000 to the Cheroke eIndians for lands taken. Placed on the calendar.

The resolution of the House providing for adjournment *sine die* June 22 was received, and on motion of Mr. Edmunds was agreed to.

MESSRS. Sargent, Morrill of Maine and Davis were appointed a conference committee on the naval appropriation bill.

Pending the discussion on the civil rights bill the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts asked to have a Senate resolution of final adjournment taken up and passed. Mr. Kasson of Iowa said he must object until some disposition was made of the bills affecting the western interests. Mr. Garfield of Ohio, moved to go the Speaker's table and take up the resolution. Messrs. Cessna, Dunnell and others objected.

Mr. Dawes then offered as a privileged question a similar resolution passed by the Senate.

The resolution of Dawes was agreed to, yeas 143, nays 49.

Mr. Foster of Ohio called up to the report of the Sanborn contracts.

Mr. Dawes of Mass, announced he had received a letter from his colleague, Mr. Butler, stating that he was ill in bed, that he desired to speak upon the moieties in connection with the report and asking as a favor that the committee would consent to postpone the discussion until to-morrow. The postponement was agreed to.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on post office appropriation bill.

Mr. Shanks of Ind. moved to amend the amendment making postage on agricultural reports one cent, agreed to 94 to 46.

Mr. mills of Texas offered a substitute that all printed matter, printed by order of either House of Congress, be transported through the mails free of charge. After discussion, Mr. Mill's amendmunt was adopted, 110 to 58, when Hoar's proposition as thus amended was agreed to.

The Committee rose and O'Neil from the Appropriation Committee reported the pension appropriation bill covering about $30,000,000.

THURSDAY, May 21.

SENATE. The Senate resumed the consideration of the Civil Rights bill and Mr. Johnston of Vt. spoke in opposition thereto, and argued that in his State the colored people were now kindly treated and had equal rights under the law. Mr. Morton contended the bill was constitutional and Congress had full power to enforce the provisions of the 14th amendment to the Constitution by appropriate legislation.

Mr. Frelinghuysen gave notice that he would on Friday ask the Senate to remain in session and finish the bill.

After some consideration of the Pension bill the Committee rose and reported both the Postoffice and Pension appropriation bill to the House.

An amendment to the Postoffice bill allowing agricultural reports to pass through the mails were adopted, 134 to 71. The bill then passed.

The Pension Appropriation bill was then passed.

The bill repealing the law which authorized the Sanborn contracts was here called up, and Mr. Foster of Ohio made a speech, it being understood that Mr. Butler of Massachusetts can reply when he gets well.

The bill for the admission of Mexico as a State coming up as a special order Mr. McKee, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, addressed the House in its support.

Mr. Elkins of New Mexico followed with a speech on the same side.

Mt. Potter of New York opposed the bill because the population was insufficient.

After further discussion the bill was passed —166 to 54.

Adjourned.

FRIDAY, May 22.

SENATE. A bill was passed appropriating $62,000 for the relief of Collector Thomas of Philadelphia, being the amount embezzelled by subordinates.

A bill was passed authorizing rations to be issued to the sufferers on the Tombigbee, Warrior and Albama rivers.

The bill for the development of the mining resources of the country was passed.

The civil rights bill was taken up, and Mr. Stockton concluded his argument denying that the condition of the negro will be improved by this bill.

The discussion was continued at considerable, length Messrs. Bragg, Black and Saulsbury speaking against the bill and Mr. Pease in its favor.

At 9.30 P. M., Mr. Saulsbury moved to adjourn and the motion was rejected by a vote of 31 nays to 16 yeas—a strictly party vote.

HOUSE. A bill was passed permitting Winans to apply for patents for improvement in steam vessels.

The bill making appropriations for claims allowed by the Commissioners of Claims was taken up and passed, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar.

Forty-seven private bills were reported, including one for the relief of B. W. Harris, late Internal Revenue Collector of Massachusetts, and one for the relief of N. H. Dunham of Massachusetts.

Adjourned.

SATURDAY, May 23.

SENATE. The Civil Rights bill was under discussion and Mr. Merrimon of South Carolina had the floor. The question was discussed at great length and after a continued session of over twenty hours a vote was reached Saturday morning. Several amendments were offered and rejected. The bill was passed as it came from the Committee except that the penalty for violation was reduced from $5000 to $1000. The following is the vote on the final passage of the bill:

Yeas—Alcorn, Allison, Boutwell, Buckingham, Conkling, Edmunds, Flanagan, Frelinghuysen, Hamlin, Harvey, Howe, Ingalls, Mitchell, Morrill of Vermont, Oglesby, Patterson, Pease, Pratt, Ramsey, Robertson, Sargent, Scott, Spencer, Stewart, Wadleigh, Washburn, West, Windom and Wright—29.

Nays—Bogy, Boreman, Carpenter, Cooper, Davis, Hagar, Hamilton of Maryland, Johnston, Kelly, Lewis, McCreery, Merrimon, Norwood, Ramson; Saulsbury and Stockton—16.

Messrs. Morton, Cameron, Hitchcock, Chandler, Ferry of Michigan, Sherman and Logan, who would have voted for the bill, were paired with Messrs. Stevenson, Thurman, Tipton, Bayard; Denny, Goldthwait, and Gordon, who would have voted against it.

When the announcement was made by the Chair that the bill had passed; ten or twelve colored men in the gallery, where they had been all night, applauded.

HOUSE. Immediately after the reading of the journal the House took up the Senate amendment to the legislative appropriation bill.

Mr. Garfield of Ohio stated that there were 147 Senate amendments, in 40 of which the Committee on Appropriations recommended concurrence, in 99 non-currence and in 8 concurrence with amendments.

The bill went over in order to receive and consider the reports from the Committee on Military.

The bill donating condemned cannon and cannon balls to various Posts of the G. A. R. for monumental purposes passed.

The bill detailing an army officer for the Palestine Exploring Expedition, without pay or mileage, passed.

The bill allowing brevet commissioners for distinguished services in Indian warfare was passed.

The bill to protect the lines of telegraph constructed and owned by the United States from malicious injury and obstruction was passed.

A bill was reported for the sale of the Reno Valley military reservation in Utah, and after a brief discussion was passed.

The bill for the sale of the buildings and grounds known as the Detroit Arsenal in Michigan, was passed.

The bill to constitute Montgomery, Ala., a port of delivery, with a Deputy Collector at $1500 per annum, passed.

MONDAY, May 24.

SENATE. A bill was introduced to prevent hazing at the Naval Academy. Referred.

The Chair submitted a message from the President of the United States, transmitting a letter from the President of Civil Service Commission, enclosing full answers from the heads of departments in regard to the workings of the civil service rules therein; also a message from the President transmitting all the papers and correspondence in relation to he troubles in Arkansas.

The deficiency appropriation bill was taken up.

Mr. Sargent said it appropriated $4,000,000 and there were but few changes in it as passed by the House.

Pending the discussion, the Chair submitted a resolution of the House announcing the death of Mr Mellish and inviting the Senate to attend his funeral in the Hall of the House tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Conkling, after some eulogistic remarks, offered a resolution of respect to the memory of the deceased, accepting the invitation of the House to attend the funeral to-morrow, and declaring the Senate adjourned. Agreed to, and the Senate at 4.50 adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Tremaine of N. Y., announced the death of his colleage Mellish, and offered resolutions for the appointment of a committee of five to take an order for superintending the funeral of Mr. Mellish at 4 o'clock tomorrow, that the remains be removed to Auburn, Mass., in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by the committee, and that the House do now adjourn.

TUESDAY, May 29.

SENATE. The Senate resumed the consideration of the deficiency appropriation bill.

Several minor amendments were adopted and the bill passed.

The House bill in relation to the Centennial Exhibition was taken up; yeas 34, nays 8.

The Committee on Appropriations having reported a proviso that the United States would not be liable directly or indirectly for any expense attending such Exposition or by reason of the same, it was agreed to in Committee of the Whole and the bill was then reported to the Senate.

Mr. Edmunds moved to strike out the proviso just agreed to, but it was rejected, and the bill passed; yeas 26, nays 17.

HOUSE. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to amend the existing customs and internal revenue laws.

Numerous amendments were offered, the most of which were rejected, but before completing the bill the committee rose.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Hale of New York, G. F. Hoar of Massachusetts, and Young of Georgia as visitors to West Point Academy.

The House at 3.45 o'clock took a recess for the preparation of the hall for the obsequies of Mr. Mellish. The funeral services were solemn and impressive.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, May 21. The Czar left England to-day on his return to Russia.

The Globe has a rumor that the British frigates Narcissus and Endymion are ashore at Palermo, and the corvette Racoon is ashore at Bermuda.

France.

Paris, May 23. The new Ministry announced last night is published in the Journal Official to-day.

Paris generally thinks that the Ministry is more of a business character than the representative of any political faction.

The Ministry is composed as follows: Gen. Decissey, Minister of War and Vice President of the Council; Duke DeCazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. DeFourton, Minister of Interior; M. Pierre Magne, Minister of Finance; M. Eugene Caillout, Minister of Public Works; M. Louis Grivart, Minister of Commerce; Viscount DeCumont, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Andrew Tallihand, Minister of Justice; Marquis of Montaignac, Minister of Marine.

Paris, May 23. The majority of the Assembly appears resolved to support the new Ministry.

Paris, May 26. Complete official returns of the election in the Department of the Nieuse show that the announcement of the success of the Republican candidate was incorrect. Burgoing, a Bonapartist, is elected, receiving a majority of 5000 votes over his Republican competitor.

Spain.

Madrid, May 21. A fight took place to-day in the Province of Tarragona between a force of Republicans and a body of Carlists, resulting in the defeat of the latter. The insurgents lost sixty killed and many wounded. The casualties on the Republican side were five killed and ninety wounded. A body of Carlists in Catalonia, numbering 2000, were also defeated by the national troops, with a loss of twenty-one killed and fourteen prisoners.

Madrid, May 21. Gen. Concha has recaptured the town of Orduna.

London, May 26. Several Madrid newspapers accuse Mr. Cushing, American Minister, of being present at the banquet given by the opposition deputies, including Figueras and Castelliar. The editors suggest that Mr. Cushing must be ignorant of European diplomatic usages, as well as the significance of certain names.

Sandwich Islands.

San Francisco, May 21. The steamship Mikado has arrived, bringing Honolulu dates of the 9th inst. The Hawaian Legislature was convened the 30th of April. The King favored a commercial treaty with the United States, but deprecated any cession of territory to that Government.

Henri Rochefort was a passenger on the Mikado, from Australia

☞ It is proposed to consolidate the three great British maritime provinces Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edwards Island and form a legislative union. At present the population of these three Provinces, is only 667,000. Each has its governor, lieutenant governor, its two branches of Parliament, and its five heads of Departments. It is thought that a union of this kind will not only increase their strength, but that it will very much lessen the expense. The governor of New Brunswick has an annual salary of $9000, a furnished house and servants, and very little indeed to do. The other two governors are also paid large salaries in proportion to their duties and the burdens of taxation consequent upon these high salaries, are severely felt. The movement for this reform began in Halifax and is now under consideration by the Parliaments of New Brunswick and Prince Edwards Island. Local jealousies may prevent its adoption, but it certainly seems as though it ought to succeed.

☞ At the recent re-union of the army of the Potomac in Harrisburg, Generals Sherman and Sheridan both made speeches in which they referred to the subject of reconciliation with the members of the late so-called Southern Confederacy. In the course of his remarks Gen. Sherman said: "We do not boast over a fallen foe; but the victory is ours, and we are entitled to it. We ask the South to come in and join in a common history; but we claim that ours was the right cause. We fought for the true flag, the star spangled banner, and long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." Gen. Sheridan fully endorsed the remarks of Gen. Sherman. He thought it not worth while to pay so much attention to sinking these difficulties. He had no objection to shaking hands with the confederates, but did not think it worth while to make any great display about it. He would not hold public meetings to shew how anxious he was for a reconciliation, particularly as our late enemies did not seem in any haste for it.

NELLIE GRANT'S WEDDING PRESENTS. Among the most costly wedding gifts received by Miss Nellie Grant were as follows:

"A dessert set of eighty-four silver pieces by George W. Childs; a complete silver dinner service by A. J. Drexel of Philadelphia, worth probably $4500; by Secretary Fish, a large silver tankard; by General and Mrs. Sharpe of New York, a ring with stone cameo, set with diamonds; by Postmaster General Creswell, a very handsome silver ice cream service; by ex-Senator Cattell, a diamond ring, five stones; by L. P. Morton of New York, an emerald and diamond ring, (these two rings are probably worth one thousand dollars each); by Secretary Robeson, a toilet set and side pieces, of brass, elaborately finished, of the style of Louis XIV.; by A. T. Stewart of New York, a lace pocket handkerchief of the largest size, such as sell for five hundred dollars; by Gen. Babcock, an elegant Valenciennes lace fan with a smoked pearl frame, with the monogram of the bride in gold. Mr. Sartoris presented to his wife a large collection of flowers. The present of the father of the bride is $10,000. All the immediate members and relatives of the President's family gave handsome presents."

THE CENTENNIAL. At a meeting of the U. S. Centennial Commissioners at Philadelphia, Wednesday, the total subscriptions were announced at $4,505,200; expenses to the first of May $144,712. The estimated cost of the buildings is $8,750,000. The Executive Committee says it is impossible to render the celebration creditable to the nation without Government aid, and that the responsibility now rests with Congress. With the subscriptions amounting to only half what it is proposed to expend on the buildings, Congress would evidently have to ply the laboring oar, and if the celebration cannot be had without drawing on the national treasury it had better be abandoned.

MAINE STATE YEAR BOOK. The Maine State Year book and legislative manual for 1874-5, prepared pursuant to orders of the Legislature by Edmund S. Hoyt, and published by Hoyt & Fogg, is completed, and about ready to be issued. The lists of State, county and town officers, and the statistical information have been revised up to date, and the volume will be found a valuable compilation of the matters proper to it.

BILL ABOLISHING COMPULSORY PILOTAGE. The N. Y. *Tribune's* Washington correspon dent says:—"The majority of the Hell Gate pilots will find their occupation gone, if Senator Hamlin's bill to relieve vessels engaged in the coasting trade from compulsory pilotage, passed by the Senate Monday, becomes a law. It was asserted in the debate that preceded the passage of the bill that there are now engaged at Hell Gate 43 pilots, who earn on an average $4,000 each a year. They have only one pilot boat, and row about Hell Gate in their yawls, and board passing vessels which are in tow of steam-tugs and collect from them the legal fees without rendering any service. It was also asserted that half a dozen pilots could perform all the legitimate service needed, and that the present fees were an unjust and and unnecessary tax on New England commerce." The text of the bill as passed is as follows:—

Be it enacted, etc., That no owner, agent, master, or consignee of any ship or vessel, when trading between district and district, or between different places in the same district, or carrying on the fishery business, shall, by virtue of the laws of any state, be compelled to take, employ, or pay a pilot not voluntarily employed on entering or departing from any port or harbor, or entering, passing through, or leaving any channel, passage or strait within the waters of the United States.

☞ The literary treasures that have been buried for centuries in the immense monastic libraries of Rome are to be made accessible to the public, by order of the Italian Government. Important results, in a historical way, are expected from this decree.

INTERESTING TO INVALID LADIES.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, '72.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under very disadvantages circumstances—having the supervision of the house and during the season of "house cleaning" I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order of chaos,"—out upon laying aside all cares and consulting the remedy. I find after using Less than one bottle to be so much benefited that I have discontinued the use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources, at times it seemed about impossible to stand so great was the distress. All of those excruciating pains have disappeared, they were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have had no return; all other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up stairs with comparative ease now. I won't have intended you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving, but I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me. Very truly,

MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

Special Notices.

The Foremost Tonic of the Age.

Taking into consideration the character of its vouchers, the history of its cures, and its immense annual sales, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be fairly entitled the Foremost Tonic of the Age. It is not only a tonic but a constitutional and local alterative, and its tendency is to substitute healthy for diseased action throughout the system. If the stomach is feeble and torpid it produces a vitelizing impression upon its mucous tissues. No sooner has the dyspeptic swallowed a dose of it than he knows by the sensations that his stomach has received an accession of vigor. It increases the desire for food and the ability to digest and assimilate it. If the liver is derelict, it imparts the action of the organ and imparts to it a new and healthful impulse. The bowels being obstructed, it promotes the flow of the bile into the intestinal canal and thereby relieves them and re-establishes their natural action. Its effect upon the brain, the nerves and the kidneys is equally salutary. In short, it tones, alters and regulates the whole system.

Centaur Liniments

allay pain, subdue swellings, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, spavin, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White Wrapper is for family use; the Yellow Wrapper is for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles $1. 1y20

Children Cry for Castoria.—Pleasant to take —a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, but more efficacious in regulating the stomach and bowels. 1y20

The Great American Consumption Remedy, Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, cures the worst cases of Coughs, Colds and all the diseases of the Lungs, Throat and Chest. For Whooping Cough and Croup it is a certain specific. The most obstinate cases surely yield to Hall's Balsam, when used perseveringly. Stands at the head of all cough preparations. Sold everywhere. John F. Henry, Curran & Co., proprietors, 8 & 9 College Place, New York. 1y7

ENGLISH CHANNEL LADIES careful of their feet always wear ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes, and buy none other. A dark line around the sole marks the edge shows where the channel is cut. No more ragged soles. Make your dealer get them for you. 2t25

False Delicacy.

The friends of those who are troubled with bad breath, and, through over-squeamishness, dislike to refer to it, commit a positive and cruel mistake, especially if they are aware of the efficacy of the fragrant SOZODONT. This is the true and only remedy for the difficulty; there is no valid excuse for a bad breash now.

WEEK'S DOING IN WALL STREET. Explains stock operations on small capital without risk. Copy sent free. TUMBRIDGE & CO., 2 Wall St., N. Y. 4t28

Married.

In this city, 9th inst., by Rev. W. P. Jackson, Daniel A. Taylor to Annie Cookson both of Augusta.

In Hallowell, 20th inst., by Rev. Parker Jaques, Alfred S. White to Abbie F. Graves, both of Hallowell.

In Gardiner, 18th inst., Robert C. Love of Augusta to Esther A. Rogers of Gardiner.

In Hallowell, 21st inst., by Rev. Dr. Ricker, Alden W. Philbrook, Esq., to Miss M. Louise White, all of Augusta.

In Phillips, 5th inst., Dustin Bcely to Geneva A. Plummer, both of Phillips.

In Blaine, 26th dit., William R. Hawksley to Lydia A. McPhearson, both of Blaine; 20th inst., Stephen Cary to Mary E. Collins, both of Blaine.

In Madrid, 17th inst., Horace L. Voter of Madrid to Mary E. Marden of Sandy River Plantation.

In Houlton, 14th inst., A. W. Timoney of Oakfield, to Sarah McGinley of Houlton; 19th inst., John Y. Dow to Ellen Porter, both of Woodstock, N. B.

Died.

In Sidney, 6th inst., Phebe M. Page aged 37 years, 3 months; 10th inst., John Page, aged 83 years, 1 months, 10 days.

In this city, 25th inst., Mrs. Angie M. Spaulding, wife of Edward Spaulding of Norfolk, Va.

In this city, 16th inst., Albert F. Stinson, aged 31 years, son of Albert and Mary E. D. Stinson.

In North Ellsworth, 14th inst., William. Maddocks, aged 96 years, 6 mos.

In Vassalboro', 23d ult., Albion R. Jones, aged 47 years.

In Gardiner, 16th inst , John Miller, aged 37 years; Mrs. Aszenath Cleaves, aged 62 yrs.

In Durham, 8th inst., Frances E., wife of Benj. W. Nason, aged 45 years.

In China, 19th inst., Horace Dow, aged 46 years, 10 months.

In East Winthrop, 18th inst., Elvira Stimpson, aged 59 years.

In Bath, 20th inst., Mrs. Louisa L Chase, aged 75 years.

DR. SCHENK'S STANDARD REMEDIES!

THE standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA-WEED TONIC and SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea-weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

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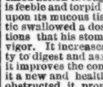
Dr. Schenck can be consulted at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday, March 20th, April 8th and 22d, May 13th and 27th.

Advice will be given free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer, the charge is $5.00.

Schenck's Medicines are sold by all Druggists throughout the country.

Schenck's Almanac can be had of all Druggists, free. 1y16

Sultan Junior.



Knowing that the people of Oxford Co., are disappointed in not having the Black Sultan this season, I have purchased one of the best of his colts, who will be kept for service at the stable of Samuel Record, about 1 mile east of the village of Buckfield. Sultan Jr., was by Black Sultan; dam, by Don Juan, by Old Drew; granddam, Montgomery Fox. Is 7 years old this spring; color, a glossy black; stands 15 hands, 2½ in. high; and weighs 1100 lbs. For style and trotting action is unsurpassed by any colt in the State, though never having been trained to a track, he can show better than a 2.40 gait. His colts are large, stylish and open gaited.

Terms, to warrant, $25; season, $17; single service, $12. Cash or note on 3 months for season or single service, and a conditional note on warrant. Season to commence June 1st, and end August 25th. For further information address C. BUTMAN, Plymouth, or SAMUEL RECORD, Buckfield, Maine.

May 25th, 1874. 26tf

Daniel Webster.

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Winterport, May 1874. 3t26

"WE And Our NEIGHBORS"

is the latest and raciest work by

Harriet Beecher Stowe,

Author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," "*The Minister's Wooing*," "*My Wife and I*," and other powerful stories, each the literary sensation of its period; and this story promises a like genuine and *wholesome* sensation. It bears directly on social topics of interest, embracing the romance of youthful companionships, the brightness of happy home-life, the spicy complications of neighborhood associations, and such follies and profound domestic miseries as have led to the widespread *Temperance* movement of the day.

MRS. STOWE is now in the prime of that genius which wrote "*Uncle Tom*," ripened by years of study and observation. Her novels are immensely popular, "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" alone out-selling by hundreds of thousands any edition of any original work ever published—*save the Bible*. Her book two years ago, "*My Wife and I*," outsold every contemporary. Such a pure and ennobling story as "*We and Our Neighbors*" should be read in every home. This attractive Serial is just beginning *exclusively* in the

Weekly Family Newspaper,

THE CHRISTIAN UNION,

Henry Ward Beecher,

EDITOR.

In religious matters this paper is Evangelical and Unsectarian; in political affairs, independent and outspoken. It contains the best articles, and both short and serial stories, from the foremost writers; it aims to maintain the highest standard in Religion, Literature, Poetry, Art, Music, Science, News, Politics, Household and Family Affairs, with Stories, Rhymes, Puzzles for the Children, etc. Nothing is spared to make it a COMPLETE *Newspaper for the Family*, pure, attractive, wide-awake, up with the times, and inspired with essential Christianity—a journal interesting to every one in the household, young or old. It is

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.

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and has readers by hundreds of thousands.

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Or, with large premium French Oil Chromo, "*The Lord is Risen*," a beautiful Cross and Flower-piece, which sells in art stores for $5.00, (size, 19x26 inches,) mounted, sized, varnished, ready for framing. *Delivered Free* . . . 3.50

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INCREASED VERY LARGELY IN 1873!

Their Sales for that year being

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AND MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS MANY AS ANY---EXCEPT ONE.

This is the opinion of the people at large as to which is the BEST SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD. It is the Simplest, Easiest to Manage, Will Wear the Longest, and do more kinds of work than any other.

FULLER & CAPEN,
4t26 Augusta & Lewiston, Gen'l Agents.

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Florence S. M. Co., Florence, Mass., or 778 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
5t26

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

The immense circulation of the *Christian Union* has been built up by active canvassers. No other publication compares with it for quick and profitable returns. The public eagerness for Mrs. Stowe's new story, the popularity of the paper, the friendly support of thousands of old subscribers, the artistic premiums for *immediate delivery*, light outfit and complete "instructions" to beginners, assure repeated success to active, intelligent men or women. Persons unusual chances to make money. All who want a sale, independent business write at once for terms, or send $3 for chromo outfit to A. H. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or San Francisco. 1t26

Carriages for Sale!

One prime second-hand top phaeton, hangs low.
One Concord wagon.
One gig.

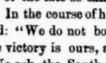
☞ The above property will be sold cheap.
C. C. GRANT, Court Street.
Augusta, May 26th, 1874. 2t26

To Manufacturers of Lime!

THE undersigned desire to obtain specimens of hydraulic lime, (not cement). A lime containing a considerable proportion of clayey matter would probably answer. If satisfactory, a large quantity will be required. Please send analysis or samples, not exceeding one-half peck, to

STUCCO & BRICKAM, Architects,
2126 Museum of Fine Arts, Dartmouth St., Boston.

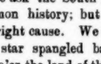
Ayrshire Cattle.



Of different ages, from our own importation. Imported and bred with special reference to their MILKING QUALITIES.

STURTEVANT BROS.,
29tf Waushakum Farm, So. Framingham, Mass.

An Odd Ox for Sale.



The subscriber offers for sale a 5 year old nigh ox; color, light chestnut, with star in forehead, and white spots on sides; girth, 7 feet, 3 inches. A perfectly built ox, fat and hardy. ORRIN FARKMAN.
Pinion's Ferry, May 20, 1874. 3t26

REMEDY FREE.

We send free a simple and sure means of self-cure, for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, and any disease of the Throat or Lungs. Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Weakness, and all disorders brought on by youthful imprudence. 1y40 TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

Freedom Notice.

I HAVE this day relinquished to my son, Ira I. Glidden, the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings and shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest: R. Y. GLIDDEN. IRA D. GLIDDEN.
May 18th, 1874. 3t25

$240 AGENTS READ. $240 in one One Week. Samples sent free to all. W. H. Chidester, 267 B'dway, N. Y. 4t26

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(PATENTED MAY 9th, 1871.)

4 to 8 for 1 cent, including labor. Individual and territorial rights for sale. Agents wanted. For Illustrated Pamphlet and circulars, and other information, enclose three 3 cent stamps, and address the subscriber, Manufacturer and General Agent for the New England States, G. W. KIBLING, Norwich, Windsor County, Vermont. 8t22

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Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark,

A pleasant Cordial which strengthens and improves the Digestion; an excellent preventive of Fevers, Fever and Ague, &c., and a great Renovator and Tonic for Invalids and debilitated persons. Hegeman & Co., New York, Sole Manufacturers. Sold by all Druggists. 3m25

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HAIR Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Nail Brushes, Fine Perfumes, Hair Oils, Pomades, Colognes, Florida Water, Bay Rum, and a general assortment of Toilet Goods, for sale at FULLER'S Drug Store. 25

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AN experienced girl or woman to do general housework. For the best of help, the best of wages will be given. State qualifications and wages desired and address,

MRS. A. F. SMITH,
3t24 Monmouth, Me.

SPONGES,

FEATHER Dusters, Brushes, Chamois Skins and genuine Castile Soaps, are sold at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, under Granite Hall. 17

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, N. J. 4t23

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief in Price 40 cts. ASTHMA. by mail.

Poetry.

GEORGE CHENEY'S RIDE.

An Incident of the Flood in Massachusetts, on May 16, 1874.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town:
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the Nations' throe at a Nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early tollers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it, that passed like an ominous breath
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful at it,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, alive to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above!

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse,
Hark to the sounds of his hoofs, they say,
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak,
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And, now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so mesacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the houses and banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet.
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"

He cries and is gone: but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—it comes! it comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the track of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and to take the road
In front of the terrible wreath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider: send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

—*Boston Pilot.*

Our Story Teller.

A BROKEN BRIDGE.

A Thrilling Story.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abermaw one boisterous afternoon in Autumn, at about four o'clock, after a long tramp over the mountains. Abermaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary; whilst between the town and the bridge was the outline of a huge bridge, then in course of construction. Abermaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of a hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease, and half a dozen lodging houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in conflict. The old fishing village is perched upon the rocks above, tier upon tier, and lintel stone of one house looking down the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude, rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down, and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The farther shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the fence of which it was terraced; for on the further or southern side of the estuary the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the rugged fringe of this iron-bound coast. There was a ferry from the Abermaw side of the spit of sand, and thence, by a detour of several miles, you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the crow flies, Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abermaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track in less than from ten to eleven miles; for the river took a wide sweep to the north, and, in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was at a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that, altogether, the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry, and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and the latter route was of course only practicable to foot passengers.

Although I had reached Abermaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular coach route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountains by a wild foot-track, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner; for I had intended to take the coach at Abermaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach however, I had missed just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fagged, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance; but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and, as I thought, offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a sixpence richer for me.

I walked on till I came to a little public house at the farther end of the town, close to the rough quarry that bordered the estuary and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn, to-night, not unless you take a car from Mr. Jones's."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said. "Can I hire one anywhere else?"

Evan shook his head; there was no horse or car in Abermaw except the horses and cars owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said, I would walk.

"Not possible," said Evans; "it's more than ten miles."

"I wouldn't mind the distance, only I've walked five and twenty miles already."

"Dear me! said Evans; "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a boat part of the way?" I suggested.

Evan put his head out at the door. "No!" he cried; "The tide has just turned; it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said; "I must go round by Llanfair Bridge. But I don't like the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railroad bridge?"

"Is the bridge passable, then? Can I get across!"

"O dear, yes. The gentlemen from the railway, come over very often and, to-day, Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith quarry."

"And what distance will that save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure?"

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh, it is very strong and safe, indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too; yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object to my going over?"

"They've all knocked off for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself."

"Then of course I'll go over it."

But I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose huge piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported its neighbor, by arrangement of cross beams and tier.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable hiatus between the shore and the nearest pier—about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tiny brook above. He and his mate was now on board her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

"But why not ferry me right over the river?" I asked,

"Not possible," said Evan. There were shallows and quicksands at the other side, which, at this time of the tide, were very dangerous.

So we made our way along the road which overlooks the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy; and we were soon afloat, shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not yet down, the storm that was gathering up in the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driven up before the wind, which howled and moaned intermittently, as blast succeeded blast, and died away again. The wind and the tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed up through the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up his boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier and then he called to me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to the cross piece that formed a sort of platform a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped, and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upwards was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular, staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough, unreliable supports was distasteful enough. I wouldn't try it. I would go back in the boat to dry land once more. But the boat had spun away on the tide, and was now far out of earshot, or indeed eyeshot either. There I stood, then, in the midst of a rushing, raging sea, upon a balk of timber, embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upwards.

Up I went slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered stave ere I trusted my weight to it. More than one broke away in my hands and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top, I thought, then all this danger would be over. I should find a firm, secure platform—a rail, or at least, a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier, I saw stretched out before me a beam, suspended, as it seemed, in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope, it seemed to me—stretched over this wide abyss of raging waves—that, and nothing else. There were footprints in the narrow ridge of timber. It was not more than two feet wide at the broadest—and the sight of them gave me courage. Men had passed over here before me, I would pass too. And so, without giving myself a moment more to think, I stepped; and the moment when letting go with my hands, I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder, and balanced myself for an instant, as I placed my foot upon the plank—that moment in which I seemed to quiver: and sway to and fro, high up on this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye—moment of dizzy terror, of strange whirling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea, was in sensation, as any ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect upon the beam, and began my perilous way.

I heard the wind afar off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar; I heard it, screeching and howling over the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange, unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm, as it hurtled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came seizing all the loose corners of my apparel, and crackling them like whip lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me—yes, thank God—leaving me still balanced on my plank.

The gusts had cleared the mists for a space, and I could now see before me, though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad, safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh, to feel that platform safe under my feet! I traversed the bulk almost on a run. I must reach safety before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming now, but I was almost home—yes, home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I was stepping firmly and quickly along. Suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet—a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood come suddenly to an end. For some eight feet it had been cut away, and there was nothing to help over this dreadful gap. Without wings, it was impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I had started, I should be no better off than here, and the hopelessness of the position, weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising and hurtling along toward me. I would cling to life as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet, slippery balk, clasped it with my arms, sat astride it. The gust came up fierce and strong, passed over me once more—once more spared.

But I felt that I could not survive another such attack. I should be blown away like a leaf. And yet there was no hope of escape—none. It was only a question of moments how long, with stiffened limbs, I could cling to this rough beam; then a plunge into darkness.

Still I had time to think. What were my thoughts! A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of hurtling wind, of these raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant ramble turned to such an evil end. Of the past I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now—a tale that was told: that was all. Of the future, nothing either, except a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire; waiting and watching for me—for me, who never should come. That was the bitterness of it.

And yet withal I was not unconscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—of myself, that I should be thus stuck up astride a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffetings of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage; a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent, a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

Whilst all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for a while, and across my face for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun setting rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment, the huge dark mass of a mountain only—then the clouds encompassed me once more—the glow died away—the awful gloomy gray of night began to gather in upon me like a net.

Should I drop into the sea and end it all? To die in the dark would be more horrible than anything else. Even on the quietest, most resigned death bed, the loss of light is the most disquieting trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seemed as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the horrors of the doom. Darkness and despair were settling down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a rush of gathering ruin, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph, as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of a more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapless, nerveless form I was, swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell—catching at some cross beams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment and dropped helplessly down.

Once more consciousness returned. A vague silvery light was diffused about me; above were stars shining, hugh balks of timber glimmered overhead; I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking out into the sky.

I was not dead then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, fearing lest a sudden shout of agony should betray some grevious hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about, I felt that, except the dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head. I was unhurt. And I was saved? That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet, I looked around me, and found that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy caused by the pile of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current.

All this I saw by the light of the moon, sometimes bright, sometimes obscure, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distantly across the waters shone the lights of the little town. It had its gas lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night; and from out of the black rocks which showed against the sky line, here and there the soft light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights; but the streaming eye might discern the gloom of high hills, that seemed, indeed, only like dark chasms in the sky; but as I watched, I saw a tiny star that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost, I followed it with longing eyes; and listened intently, I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and the murmur of wheels rising and falling, as the road wound in and out among the rocks further or nearer. It was some carriage rolling rapidly towards home—towards my home, and here was I, a castaway.

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river, blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry. No one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might yet escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was therefore an impassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer, I doubt if in my enfeebled state I could have won the further bank of the channel, where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my island remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head tangled masses of seaweed, hanging in the interstices of the woodwork, showed the highest reach of the ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abermaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours' flood would elapse before the tide would once more reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and that I had a few fragments of biscuit in my pocket, remaining of some that my wife had packed up for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuits, and felt again hopeful. Six hours! Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong southwesterly gales had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked, and the flood increased, and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer lying on the sand, too, than I had calculated, for, as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed that the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upwards. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the vast expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along, their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the hoarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that would never cease to jingle therein.

How remorseless they seemed, those waves, hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight, half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up, ere long, in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up the slimy, slippery posts and buttresses, that seemed to mock me with their proffers of safety? A couple of cross beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at their intersection a sort of angular resting place, where I could, for a time, perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but for all that I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood I would try to climb that slippery beam that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shone faintly for a while, and then vanished altogether, although now diffused light still made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp beneath. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers. I crawled a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffers from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous, too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees; and then, as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up and return in a great seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last kept me clinging to the beam.

But, what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar, and a rumble, and a rattle—it was an engine!

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me I might be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voice of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper; no, not with all the good will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instand the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elaspe before my fate was known. It was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; the men were railway workmen, perhaps going to do a night's shift of work on the bridge; and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly I heard a sharp, quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry; and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties, were keener than the men's, perhaps it was possible I might make his hear; so I barked a shrill, snapping bark, with which I had often received my own terrier, Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet, and the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform, too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild, despairing cry. Then a huge, hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been for the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held on against that furious rush of water; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the wave receded; a bright, dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but which was actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything disappeared in the blackest darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice.

"I'm not sure; I thought I saw something move."

A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought, and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and rafters of the bridge; but the light seemed to be lost in the dark waters! Ah! they would never see me!

Once more I had strength to cry.

"Ah! it's a man down there." I heard somebody shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge; then another; along the two a portable windlass was quickly wheeled; a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Holloa, mate!" he cried, as he caught sight of my white face in the focus of his lamp; "what the deuce are you doing here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge. I owned my rescue to the unexpected visit of the chief engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner in which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting glass of brandy and water that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilerating the run homewards on the swift, shrieking engine!

I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light, ordinary topics of the day, I looked on myself wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I were only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

☞"Linger not, darling," she said to him, as he stood on the porch pressing her hand before he bade her farewell for the evening. He did not linger. He saw the old man coming up the street at a rapid gate. He lingered only long enough to pull his hat over his eyes, spit on his hands and bound actively for the sidewalk.

Our Young Folks' Column.

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right;
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and grow,
Shout and crow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things:
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

Auctions all over the World.

BY N. S. DODGE.

"Harage! Harage! Harage!" or sounds just like these, came floating on the hot air to Ned Pauling last summer, as he lay swinging lazily in a net hammock, under an awning, on the deck of the ship Betsye. It was in port at Smyrna where the vessel, having discharged her cargo, was waiting for a home freight of raisins, figs, and olives, back to Boston. Ned had been hard at work for six days. The last voucher had come aboard an hour before, and his accounts being now square, and nothing more for the supercargo to do till the Jacobus Brothers, the consignees, should give notice that the home cargo was ready. He had dressed himself for a stroll on shore, and was waiting till early evening should make the heat tolerable in the streets.

A first voyage as supercargo, no matter how good a clerk a boy may have been, tries his mettle. He must think for himself. His decisions must be quick and positive. Yes and No he must never say. It is one thing to sell goods, or to keep books, or to take stock, or to strike balances, or to average profits every day in a store; but it is altogether another thing to take charge alone of a cargo consisting of all sorts of goods, shipped from Boston to a foreign port. However, Ned Pauling had taken it. He remembered his mother's last words, many years before, "Straight forward, Ned! Straight forward is the best runner!" And the Betsey's accounts were as square as any day's accounts had ever been in State street. So Ned was ready for a "lark."

"Harage! harage! harage!" kept ringing on the air, as Ned went ashore.

In a square, three or four blocks from the wharves, on a platform of rough boards resting on two hogsheads, stood a turbaned Turk, cutting apart a piece of Tripoli silk shawling, flinging it at full length over the heads of the surrounding crowd, and crying at the top of his lungs, "Harage!" There were Hebrews, with flowing beards and dusky robes, among the bidders; there were camel-drivers, just like the pictures one sees of Eleazer, the Syrian, at the well; there were Persians, in their quaint caps; dervishes, in their strange dress, and muftis, sailors, Greeks, Armenians, Druses, Arabs, Copts, Egyptians, and people of every nation almost, in the motley gathering. The auctioneer is announcing a bid he has received, when Ned arrives. The auctioneer is a linguist, and translates the offer into many tongues. "Fifty piastres for twenty yards of Tripoli silk! Fifty diastres! Cinquante piastres! Humseen grosh! Elli croosh!" he keeps crying to his auditors. "Humseen grosh! Humseen grosh! Cinquante piastres!" until Ned, knowing the value of silks, and thinking of his mother, bids fifty-one piastres, and the piece of silk is his.

Auctions in different countries are curious subjects of study. In an auction in Spain, for instance, everything accords with the national temper. There is no noise. Conversation is prohibited. The auctioneer is held to his description of goods. A bid is made; he of the hammer repeats it; silence follows; another bid, another announcement of it, and another silence—all as serious and solemn as a prayer-meeting, until the mallet falls.

An auction-room in France is, on the contrary, a perfect Babel. In all noisy Paris there is nothing so noisy and boisterous as a St. Antoine vendue where *gamins* and *chiffonniers* and "old clo'" Jews contend for cheap bargains. There can be no greater contrast to this hubbub than that which is presented by the dull decorum of an auction-sale in Amsterdam or Rotterdam. There Mynheer auctioneer sits behind a table smoking his pipe. He states terms of sale, waits for a bid, makes no haste, creates no excitement, watches no countenances, takes no nods or winks. Before him stands a box filled with tapers. If there is too long delay, he lights one of these in silence, and thrusts it on a spindle fixed in the table. When it goes out the last bidder takes the article.

There is a curious old custom at Billingsgate,—the great and well-known fish-market in London,—of selling fish from the boats as they arrive every morning, by an auction "of reduction," as it is called. Every boat-load is sold altogether. Twenty-five or thirty sales are going on at once. This "reduction" auction always occurs in the early morning, sometimes before light. Men and women indiscriminately act as auctioneers, and the buyers, also men and women, walk up and down the docks scrutinizing the cargoes. A bell rings and the sales commence. In a large flat gondola are bloaters, owned by the strapping fish-woman, who now begins to brawl to the buyers on shore as she stands on the bows, "Here's your bloaters, fine, large Yarmouth bloaters; five shillings a cantle! Five shillings! Well, four and tenpence be it then! Four and ten! Four and ten! Four and nine, then! Four and nine! Four and eight!"

"I'll take 'em, old woman, at four and eight," cries a buyer from the landing place, and forthwith the boat-load is his.

And so it goes on for an hour, amid chaffing and scolding; screaming and swearing; the words, "Mack'rell, Allbout, Sole, Salmon, Cod Addock" shouted a hundred times all together; the boats unloading; porters struggleing; boys and girls counting the "hunders" by themselves; fishmongers from the West End selecting; touters skinning eels and cleaning cod; errand-boys running; fish-women floating each other, and everybody blowing up everybody else, until the great bell rings, which ends the auction-hour and opens the morning market.

The Squirrel and the Mastiff.

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly-looking mastiff to a squirrel that was frollicking about in the trees above him. The squirrel threw a nutshell at him. "I've been watching you there two hours," said the mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance, and swing, and skip, and whisk that tail of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be!" said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play."

None of your pertness. I had done all my work before I came here."

"Oh, oh?" said the squirrel; "well, my work's never done, I've business up in this tree that you know nothing about."

"Business, indeed! I know of no business that you have but kicking up your heels, and eating nuts, and pelting honest folks with the shells.

"Fie," said the squirrel, "don,t be ill-tempered;" and he dropped another nutshell at him.

"To see the difference there is!" said the mastiff; "nothing but play and pleasure for you, up in the green trees, amusing yourself from morning to night."

"Don't envy me my lot, friend," said the squirrel; "for although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last for ever; and what becomes of me, do you think, when the trees are bare, and the wind howls through the forest, and the fruits gone? Remember that then you have a warm heart and a comfortable meal to look to."

"You wouldn't change with me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starving with cold in winter, I should be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it in your heart to be glad now of your sunshine? Our lots are more equal than they seem."

☞"Mother, dear, you are a liar" said a little boy the other day. When she whipped him for being saucy. When the father came home at night the mother told him what an impudent son they had. "What made you call your mother a liar, my son? asked the father as he took off his coat to give his boy a regular thrashing. "Because she was! She said she'd *skin me alive* and she didn't!" said the young philosopher. The father put on his coat and spent the evening in thought.

☞"It is true," remarked a pickpocket arrested in Rochester the other day, "that I am a thief. But I was searching that man's pockets for proof of frauds against the government."

☞"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew! "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

Huntington,

Nason & Co.,

190 Water St., Augusta, Me.

3 Doors North of Bridge St.

JUST RECEIVED

A NEW STOCK

OF

CLOTHING!

For Spring and Summer Wear!

Men's Suits.

$7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $13.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $22.00, $25.00, $28.00, $30.00, $35.00.

MEN'S DIAGONAL COATS & VESTS.

$15.00, $18.00 $20.00, $25.00, $28.00.

Men's Pants.

—FROM—

$1.25 to 9.00.

LARGE STOCK OF

YOUTHS' and BOYS'

CLOTHING!

Children's Suits.

$3.00, $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $9.00, $10.00, $12.00.

Large Stock

—OF—

FURNISHING GOODS!

ONE PRICE ONLY.

25tf

FOWLER, HAMLIN & SMITH

Have been engaged the past week, opening and arranging the many new and seasonable goods recently purchased with particular reference to the

Spring Trade of 1874.

EVERY DEPARTMENT FULL.

Special bargains in Black Silks,

At $1 25, $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 67, $3 00, $3 50, A large reduction from last year's prices.

A choice line of

English, French and American

DRESS GOODS!

Comprising the

Novelties of the Season!

As well as the staple fabrics.

We have now on our counters the most

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Foreign & Domestic Woolens

We have ever shown our customers.

Prices of All Wool Suitings from 50c to $7.

Great Variety of White Goods, Linons, Shawls, Fancy Articles, &c.

Great Bargains:

3000 yds Remnant Bleached Sheetings

One Yard Wide, - ONLY 12 1-2 Cents.

3000 yds Remnants Unbleached Sheetings, Remnant Prints, Silesia, &c.

At much lower prices than regular goods.

We are selling

Cocheco Prints & Lancaster Ginghams

At the same prices that ruled before the war.

☞Samples of **Dress Goods and Woolens** sent by mail when requested. 24tf

New Furniture Rooms!

—AND—

NEW FURNITURE!

At No. 7 Bridge's Block, Water St., Near the Bridge.

Having remodeled our rooms, we can now show **old and new customers,** the largest and best stock of

Parlor Suits in Plush, Green and Scarlet Reps and Terry, Gray and Black Hair Cloths, &c.

Lounges of all kinds and prices, Walnut Dressing Case Chamber Suits, Marble Tops, Chestnut and Common Painted Suits, with walnut carvings, all styles of Marble Top and Common Tables, Mattresses, Feathers, Pictures and Frames.

Oil Chromos at Cost.

We have a **GOOD UPHOLSTERER,** and can repair and make old furniture as good as new. Mattresses made over at short notice. We have a large stock of good

Second Hand Furniture at Auction Prices.

Wishing to reduce stock, we shall sell at extremely low prices until further notice.

The best stock of

METALIC BURIAL CASES,

Walnut, Rose finish & Common

CASKETS.

Walnut, Hard wood & Pine Coffins.

All kinds of Plates engraved to order.

Shrouds and Robes at the Lowest Prices.

C. R. & H. U. WELLS.

36tf

Dirigo Business College!

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THIS Commercial College was established May 9, 1865. It enjoys the confidence of the business community as well as of the best educators. Its mode of instruction is both thorough and practical.

Every young man should avail himself of our business course. A separate department under the management of a superior teacher, is devoted to fitting scholars for the business course or for teaching.

Students of any grade of scholarship are admitted. Admission at any time. Good board can be obtained in private families for $3 25 per week.

☞For full particulars, adpress

D. M. WAITT, Principal.

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Stoves & Furnaces

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

Farmers' Boilers, Ash and Boiler Mouths, Cast Iron Sinks, Cistern Pumps, Lead Pipe and Sheet Zinc,

CLOTHES DRYERS! CLOTHES WRINGERS!

Tin, Japanned and Britannia Ware, Cucumber Wood Pump and Tubing, Tin Roofing, Tin Gutters and Conductors.

☞All kinds of Jobbing Promptly attended to.☜

GOULD & CROSS,

Williams' Block, 4 doors south of Kennebec Bridge. 21tf

Pensions, Bounties, &c.

CLAIMS for *Pensions, Increase of Pensions, Bounties,* and all other claims against the Government promptly prosecuted.

Claims abandoned by other Attorneys and rejected claims particularly solicited.

Write describing your case and by enclosing a postage stamp, you will receive a prompt reply.

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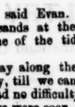
Young Fearnaught!

SIRE, FEARNAUGHT. DAM, DUCHESS.



This celebrated young Stallion will stand at J. D'Arthenay's Stables, in Augusta, for the Season of 1874, commencing March 15, and ending September 1st, at the following rates, viz:

To warrant, $100; Season, $75; Single Service, $50. Season or Single Service to be paid invariably in advance.

J. D'Arthenay will be proud to show to all visitors, his colts, sired by "Young Fearnaught." They are in color, beauty, style and gait, perfect representatives of their sire, and being so, are unrivalled, it being conceded by all intelligent horseman from all parts of the country, that in these, "Young Fearnaught" is unapproachable. No horse in the country, has had, and continues to have, such a crowd of visitors, as this celebrated stallion; and from the shores of the Atlantic, to those of the Pacific, from the stable-boy to the President, all unite that, he is

"The Perfect Horse,"

Wherever he has been exhibited, he has taken the first premium, having now four Blue Ribbons to his bridle. B. S. Wright & Co., in their prospectus for the Mystic Park races, in June 1871, call him the *Finest Colt in the World;* and in their prospectus for the following meeting, speak of him as the finest and best gaited yearling in the United States. The *Turf, Field & Farm,* speaking of him at the same meeting, says, "He is the color of his sire, stands about 14.3 and is developed as much as the average of 3 year olds, his head and neck are like those of a thoroughbred, and his body and limbs are simply magnificent. His action, all over, is the same as that of his sire, and his stride and gait as he was trotted to and fro before the stand, were splendid, and among all the horsemen present, there was not a dissenting voice from the unanimous verdict, that he was the most magnificent and promising colt of his age in the country." The MAINE FARMER says, "Among the incidents of President Grant's visit to the capital of Maine, was a private reception given by the distinguished Chief Magistrate," to one of the finest specimens of the equine race that ever stood on the earth, the celebrated horse 'YOUNG FEARNAUGHT.'"

Larger amounts have been offered for him, than for any trotting horse of his age in the country, but it is his owner's fixed intention to keep him for stock purposes in Maine, and the colts that he has already sired, show the wisdom of his course.

J. D'ARTHENAY will give the following Premiums at each State Fair, to be known as the "Young Fearnaught Premiums":

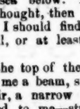
$100 to the best Yearling Colt, $50 to the 2d best Yearling Colt, $25 to the 3d best Yearling Colt—all to be sired by "Young Fearnaught."

The colts raised and owned by J. D'Arthenay will not be exhibited for these premiums.

Mares will have the best of care, and be provided with good pasturage or kept up to grain, at the option of their owners, at reasonable rates.

All accidents and escapes at owner's risk. 3m16

Gen. LIGHTFOOT.



By T. S. Lang's Gen. Knox. Dam, an imported thoroughbred; color, a beautiful mahogany bay; weight, 925.

Will make the season of 1874, at the stable of the subscriber in Windham, Cumberland Co.

Terms, $50 for the season. Single service, $25; cash or satisfactory note at time of first service. Owners of mares not proving to be with foal, will be entitled to use of horse next season free. Season to commence April 1st, and end August 10th.

Mares sent to Portland will be taken to Windham, and returned free of charge, by giving notice to V. C. Hall, Windham, or B. N. Perry, Portland.

The reputation of this horse is too well established in Maine to need much comment. He having won the $